

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



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John  Jameson

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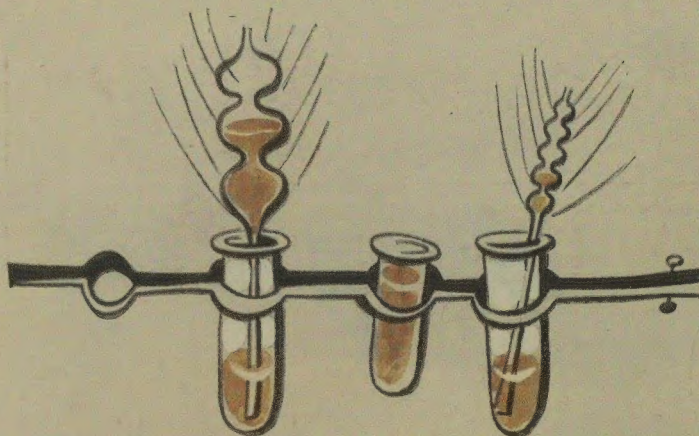


The Schweppshire Way of Life

1. THE DAILY BREAD

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boiling point, and covered in cellophane from the deep freeze. To add savour, many slice the bread with a rusty kitchen knife kept specially for cutting up onions. The bread is brown because white bread contains no vitamin F₁₆. It is interesting that brown bread contains none either.



* Or, as we prefer to call it in Basic Schweppshish, "stuff in me put". ("Bread" belongs to our cumbersome older vocabulary, now reduced to 17 words, all tremendously short.)

Written by Stephen Potter, designed by Lewitt-Him.

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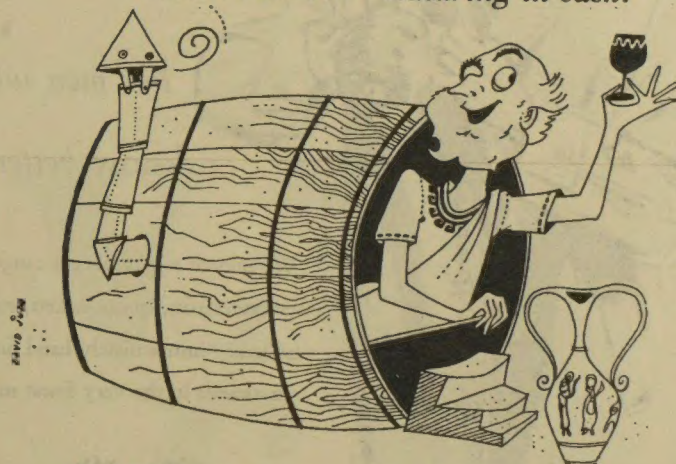
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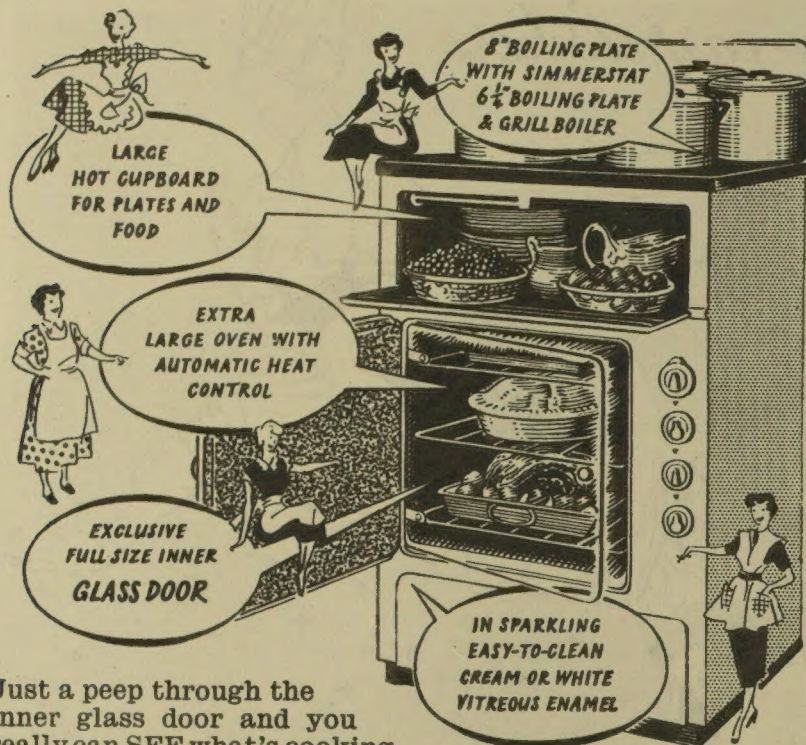
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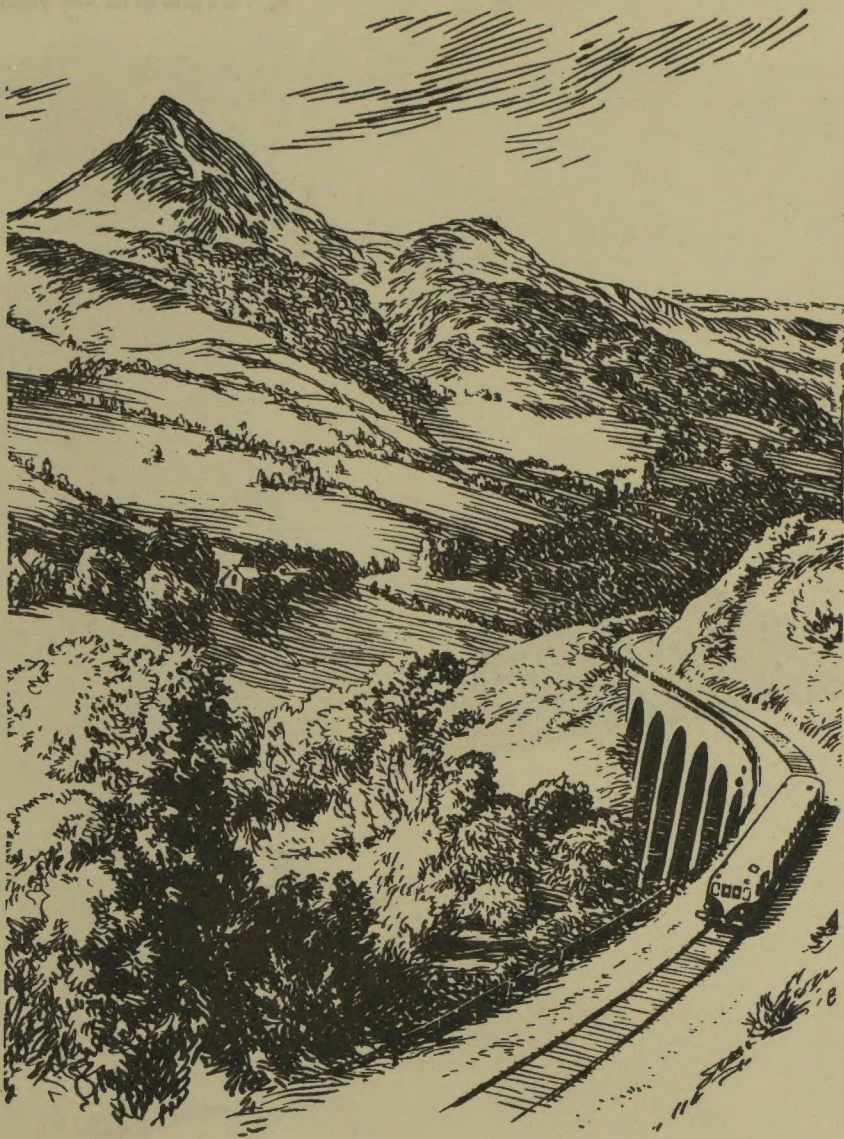
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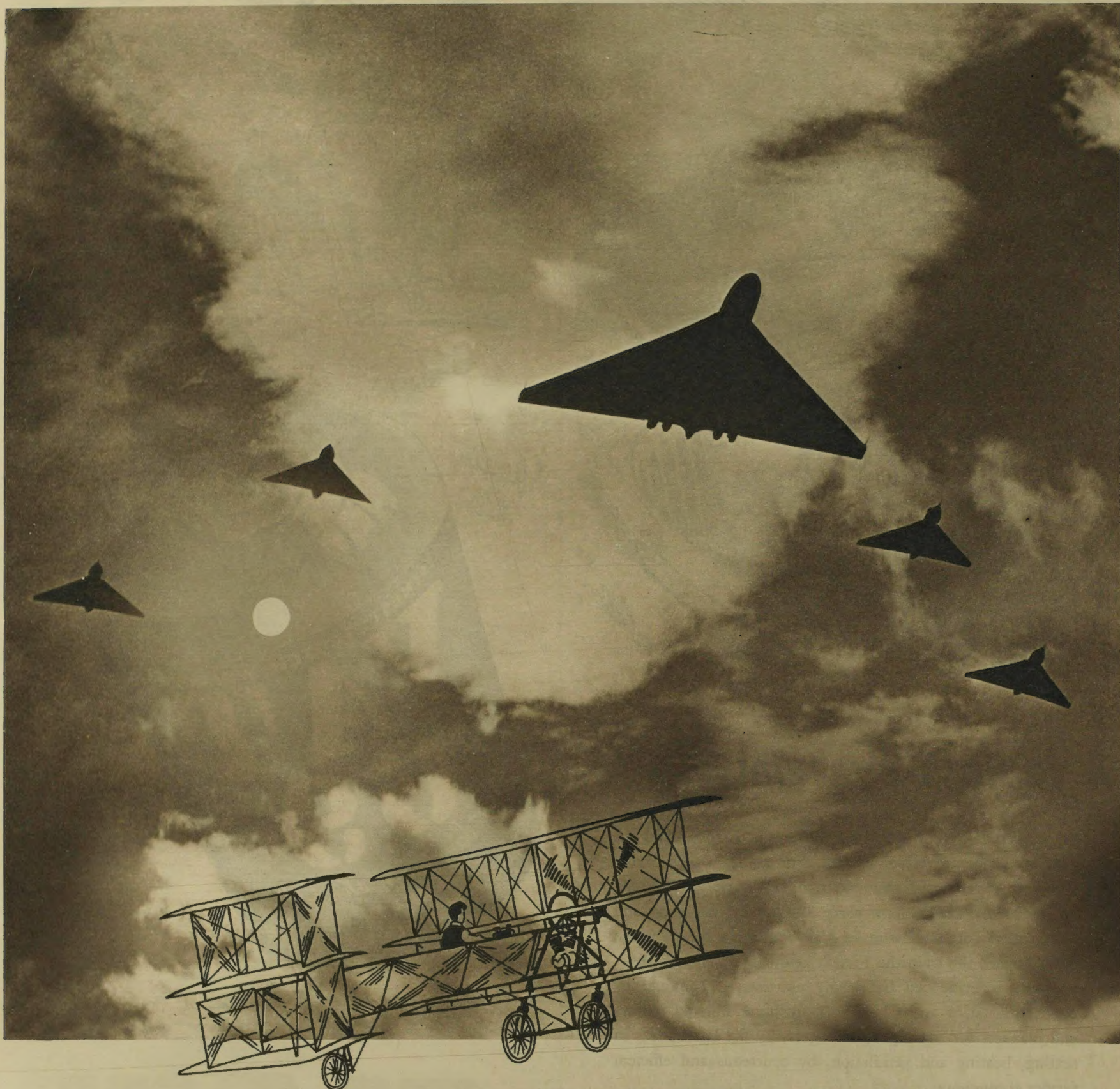
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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, MARCH 27, 1954.



GOING UPSTAIRS TO THE COCKPIT OF AN AIRCRAFT DESIGNED TO TAKE OFF WHEN STANDING VERTICALLY ON ITS TAIL: THE PILOT CLIMBING UP A LADDER IN ORDER TO ENTER THE U.S. NAVY'S LOCKHEED XFV-1 EXPERIMENTAL FIGHTER.

The new U.S. Navy Lockheed XFV-1 vertical take-off aircraft possesses highly unusual features. A specially-designed ground handling car lifts the aircraft into its vertical take-off position and also provides a ladder for the pilot to climb and step sideways into the cockpit. It is equipped with a 5500-h.p. Allison gas turbine engine, but this is not sufficiently powerful to propel it

vertically into the air, so rockets are used to give the extra power. Landing a vertical take-off aircraft is understood to be difficult, and the suggested procedure is to reduce power gradually until it sinks down on the four fins on which it stands for vertical take-off. Another vertical take-off aircraft, XFY-1, is being built by the Consolidated Vultee Aircraft Corporation.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

THE three most important strategic points in the world are the island of Britain, the delta of the Nile, and the Panama isthmus. That this should be so is due to the vagary of terrestrial geography. If the world's surface was a circumference of unbroken earth, all equally inhabitable and easy of access, no one place on its surface would be more strategically important than any other. A strategic point is one whose possession offers to its possessors the opportunity of exerting a superior physical power over others. And as men, both for good and bad ends, seek power over their fellows—an inherent attribute of human nature, though we may deplore it or even try to abjure it for ourselves—it follows that a strategic point in the possession of those without the will or courage to hold it will always sooner or later fall into the hands of others with superior courage and will. The early history of our own island, constantly invaded by successive warrior races, is an example of this cardinal and enduring rule. So has been the long, bloodstained history of the Nile Delta.

Some strategic points possess little or no more than a purely defensive value. They are strongholds into which men can retire to defend themselves, their families and their ways of life and belief, but from which they can expect to exert little influence on others. The highlands of Scotland and of Wales, for instance, abound in such strongholds. But the strategic points which dominate the pages of history are those from which bold and resolute men have made their will obeyed over wide areas. These have varied from time to time owing to changing conditions of racial distribution, of technical means of transport, of the prevalence in one place or another of vigorous cultures and creeds. At times a place capable of dominating a comparatively small part of the globe's surface has, for one reason or another, become, and even for long remained, of great strategic importance: Palestine, for instance, and Malta, Gibraltar and the Sound, and, after the great navigational advances of the fifteenth century, the Cape of Good Hope, and more recently, Singapore and the Philippines. For long ages, too, an area even of such vital global significance as the Panama isthmus may exert no influence on history at all because the latter's course has been temporarily canalised in one quarter of the world alone, while the rest has remained progressively stagnant and static. It is the measure of the imaginative greatness of men like Cortes and Drake, and of the intellectual vigour of mediaeval Christian Europe, that in the age of its earliest discovery by Europeans they at once realised the significance of that remote and little-frequented isthmus. They saw it for what it was as the link, not only between two continents or semi-continents, but between the world's two great ocean systems. Not till the global war of 1939-45 was the full strategic influence of Panama made manifest. Its possession by the world's greatest naval power is now probably the single most important strategic factor of our age. The coming of the atomic weapon has not altered this fact; it has underlined it.

Yet island Britain and delta Egypt, with their far older continuous history, remain almost as strategically important. Their control remains of immense significance in the struggle, both actual and impending, between the latest manifestation of the age-long totalitarian will to dominate and of the widening belief in the sanctity and freedom of the individual that has grown out of Christianity and become politically rooted in the lands of Western Europe and of the seafaring Anglo-Saxons. During the last war the simultaneous defence by the British of the British island itself and of the Nile Delta was the decisive factor in the initial years between the fall of Prague and Warsaw and the attack on Pearl Harbour. The tenacity and resilience of the men who manned our destroyers and battleships and *Spitfires* and *Hurricanes* in 1940 in our own home waters and skies and who served under Andrew Cunningham, Wavell and Richard O'Connor in those of the Eastern Mediterranean and Western Desert probably saved—if we do not now by stupidity and sloth betray it—the future of mankind for freedom. It was not merely that they defended Britain and Egypt and denied their dominating use to the enemy, but that they preserved that

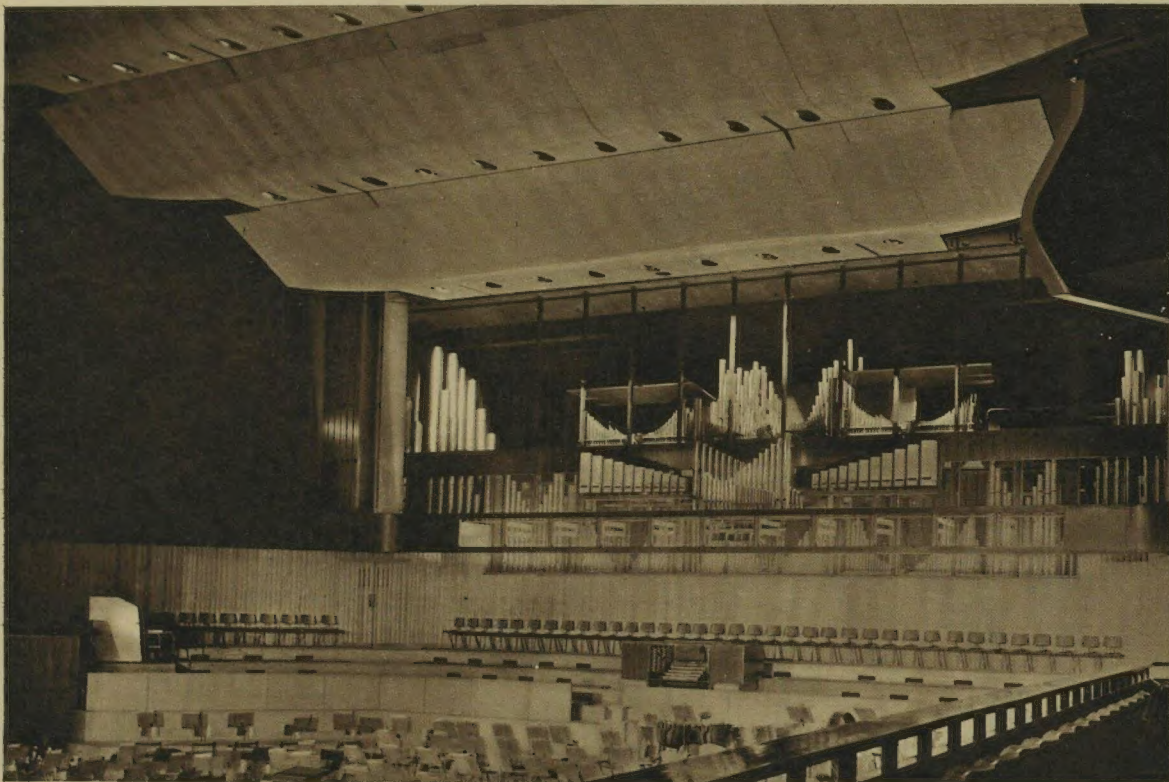
use for the massive American-English offensive that followed between 1942 and 1945. For if the possession of Panama made possible the great American naval-air battles of the Pacific, the possession of Egypt and Britain made possible, the one the triumphs of Alamein, Tunisia, Salerno and Anzio, the other D-Day, the liberation of France and the fall of Germany. Nor without them would Soviet Russia, for all its immense numerical force, have survived the German assault or been able to turn from the defensive to a victorious offensive. Had the Nazis been free to overrun the Balkans and Anatolia and to have struck at Russia and her oil-fields from her vital Caucasian flank, nothing could have saved the Soviet power in the fall of 1941 and the terrible summer of 1942. It was the defence first of Britain and then of the Nile Delta by sea, land and air that denied that flank—otherwise so temptingly vulnerable—to Hitler's conquering soldiers and airmen. As time recedes and the mountain-peaks of past greatness stand out from the plain of time, we shall see this more clearly.

It is just as well that we should try, through the ground-mists of the present, to perceive this truth. It needs to be perceived both in America and in this country. There is a tendency in the United States, natural both in the light of that great country's past history of self-sufficiency and

isolation and of its present vast and overwhelming power, to ignore its allies' importance in the long-drawn-out struggle with the Kremlin. Its people, remembering only the latter stages of the last war in which they were the predominant partner, and forgetting the earlier in which they did not participate—are inclined too much to think of Great Britain as "expendable" in a possible atomic war: a kind of European Midway which could be used temporarily as an advanced base against an attacking militant Communism and then, if necessary, abandoned. There is, therefore, an occasional but very dangerous failure to take Britain into full consultation and participation in American global policy, which was very aptly referred to in Lord Hore-Belisha's brilliant maiden speech the other day in the House of Lords. But the United States, with or without atomic ascendancy, cannot control the twin-ocean

world from Panama alone, tempting though it must be to every American to wish and believe that it can. The bulk of the world's population is concentrated in Asia, Europe and Africa, and were that vast area, already half under Communist control, to pass under it wholly, the future control of the planet would not lie with Washington. The island base that guards and dominates the western approaches of the European-Asiatic land-bloc will play as vital a part in any future war, hot or cold, as it has played in the past. And in Britain itself there is an even more dangerous tendency—not fortunately shown by the Governments of either Party, but noticeable in large sections of its public opinion—to think of British strategic and military importance as a thing of the past and no longer either important or realisable. And from this, too, springs the curious failure of the British public—in the light of recent history—to grasp the dominating importance of the Nile Delta. There is no one in Britain who wishes to deny to the people of Egypt the right to govern themselves in their own way and to enjoy the full self-respect of an absolute sovereign nation under whatever Government they chose. But no one who knows Egypt believes that its people can at present hold the Delta against the forces that would seek its control in the event of a global war. Unless the West can be assured of that control at the hour that war breaks out—if such a disaster should again befall mankind—the West will have surrendered to chance and the lightning speed of modern warfare one of the three vital strategic bastions of freedom. National pride is a thing to be respected—full control of the Canal for Egypt, of Gibraltar for Spain, are slogans which fair-minded men should treat with understanding and with sympathy. But there are values more important than national pride, and the defence and very existence of the freedom and dignity of the individual against the totalitarian herd is one of them.

THE ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL ORGAN.



READY FOR ITS FIRST CONCERT: THE MAGNIFICENT ORGAN OF THE ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL, WHICH HAS TAKEN NEARLY THREE YEARS TO BUILD.

H.M. Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother arranged to attend a concert in the Royal Festival Hall on March 24, at which the Hall's newly completed organ was to be heard for the first time. This magnificent instrument, said to be among the finest in the world, cost £51,500, and has taken almost three years to build. It has 7000 pipes, ranging in size from 32 ft. to a matter of inches. Mr. Ralph Downes, the L.C.C.'s Consultant Organist, is the designer, and it has been built by Messrs. Harrison and Harrison, of Durham.



A COOL, GRACEFUL FIGURE DESPITE THE TROPICAL HEAT: THE QUEEN, FOLLOWED BY THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, WALKING PAST THE GUARD OF HONOUR FORMED BY TORRES STRAITS ISLANDERS IN PARRAMATTA PARK, CAIRNS.

TRIBAL DANCERS IN QUEENSLAND: ABORIGINES WHO PAID HOMAGE TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.



GREETED BY SCHOOLGIRLS FROM CHERBOURG ABORIGINAL SETTLEMENT: THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE WAVING IN REPLY AS THEY DRIVE PAST THE CHILDREN IN A LAND ROVER AT BUNDABERG, A SMALL RIVER PORT AND SUGAR-REFINING CENTRE IN QUEENSLAND.



WATCHED BY THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE IN PARRAMATTA PARK, CAIRNS: A MAGNIFICENT DISPLAY OF TRIBAL MIMING BY A GROUP OF ISLANDERS FROM THE TORRES STRAITS.



WEARING "STRANGE WHITE HEAD-DRESSES REMINISCENT OF DRAWINGS OF ANCIENT EGYPT": AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINES FROM THE PALM ISLES, WHO DANCED FOR THE QUEEN AT TOWNSVILLE.



AT QUEEN'S PARK, TOOWOOMBA, ON MARCH 11: THREE OF THE STRANGELY PAINTED ABORIGINES WHO TRAVELLED 3000 MILES TO DANCE FOR THE QUEEN.



ABOUT TO PRESENT THE QUEEN WITH A BOUQUET OF FLOWERS MADE OF FEATHERS: TWO LITTLE ABORIGINE GIRLS CURTSEYING TO HER MAJESTY AT TOWNSVILLE.



TYPICAL OF TOWNSVILLE'S GREAT WELCOME TO THE QUEEN: AN ABORIGINE DRUMMER FROM THE PALM ISLES BEATING HIS DRUM WITH ENTHUSIASM.

On March 11 the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh flew from Brisbane 180 miles to Bundaberg, a small river port and sugar-refining centre, and on their way back they stopped at Toowoomba, a beautiful garden city renowned for its racehorses. At a civic reception in Queen's Park her Majesty saw Aborigines, who had travelled 3000 miles from the remotest parts of the Northern Territory, performing tribal dances. Three of the men performed a remarkable "Wallaby

Dance," which amused the Queen and the Duke. On March 12 the Royal visitors flew to Townsville, where they saw another display of aboriginal dancing, this time the performers were men and women from the Palm Isles, some 50 miles off the mainland. It was estimated that nearly 20,000 people were prevented by the floods and the damage caused to communications from getting to Townsville, and the Queen expressed her sympathy with them in her speech at the civic reception.

THE ROYAL TOUR: HER MAJESTY AT BROKEN HILL, AND IN QUEENSLAND.



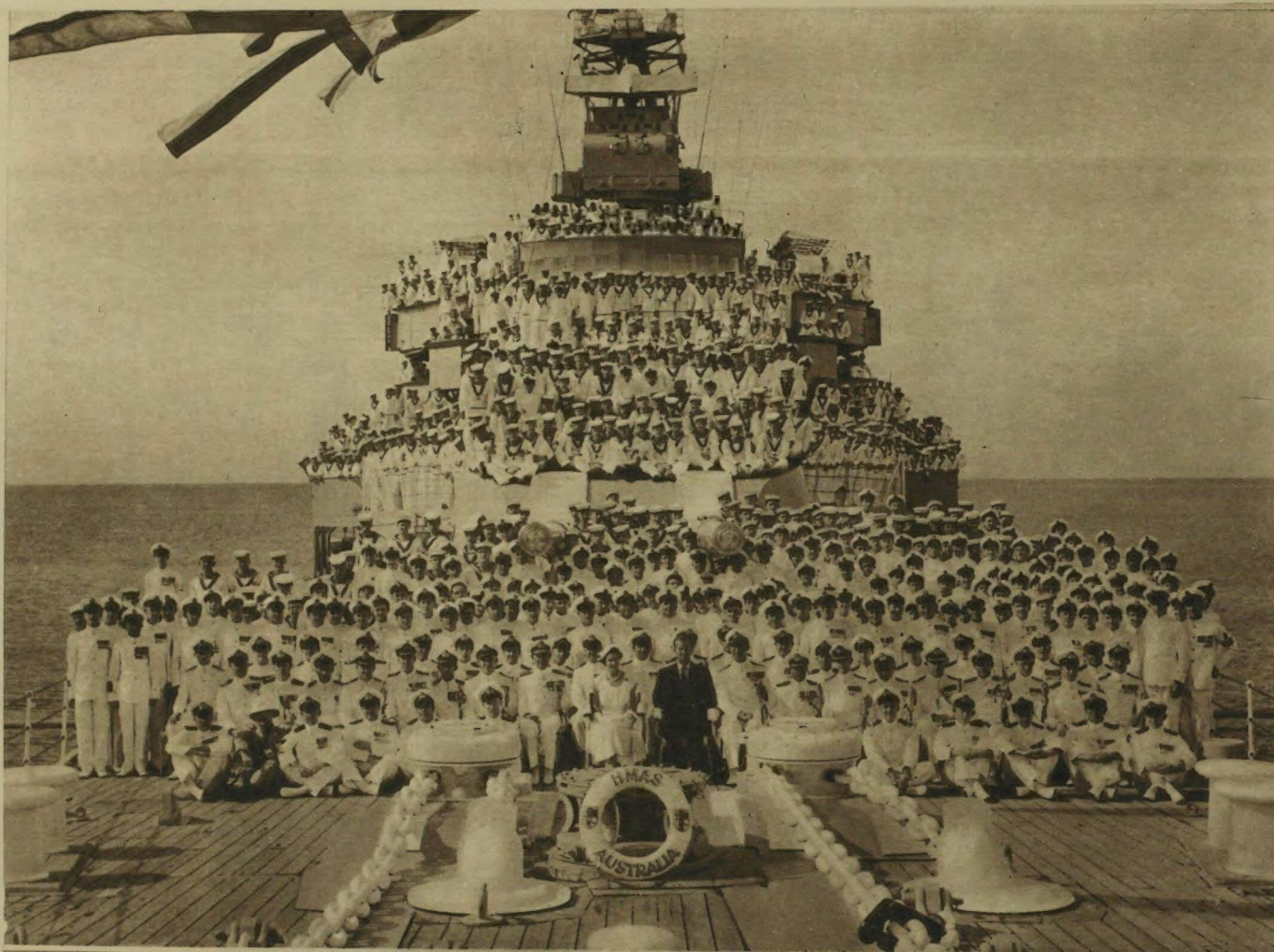
AT THE FLYING DOCTOR BASE AT BROKEN HILL: THE QUEEN DUCKING UNDER THE WING OF THE DOCTOR'S AIRCRAFT DURING HER VISIT. [Radio Photograph.]



DRIVING AMONG THE CHILDREN IN A LAND ROVER: THE QUEEN SMILING AT A SMALL "COWBOY" AND HIS PONY DURING HER MAJESTY'S TWO-HOUR VISIT TO MACKAY ON MONDAY, MARCH 15.

ON March 18 the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh said good-bye to the tropical heat of Queensland when they flew from Brisbane to Adelaide, the capital of South Australia. On the way they stopped at Broken Hill, the lead- and silver- mining town which is one of Australia's ten Flying Doctor bases. It serves 300 outposts spread over Queensland and New South Wales and South Australia. Here the Queen broadcast to the remote grazing stations and mining camps over their wireless network. The Queen examined the little aircraft in which the sick or injured are rapidly flown to hospital. If anyone is ill, he gets in touch with the nearest Flying Doctor outpost and is either treated by instructions over the radio or fetched by air. During her Majesty's tour of North Queensland the children at Mackay, where the Royal visitors spent two hours on March 15, staged a bush pantomime, which ended with small girls, dressed as kangaroos, emerging from the pouch of a model kangaroo. The Queen and the Duke came ashore at Mackay from the

[Continued below.]



DURING AN OFFICIAL VISIT TO THE FLAGSHIP OF THE AUSTRALIAN NAVY, H.M.A.S. AUSTRALIA, ON MARCH 13: H.M. THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH PHOTOGRAPHED WITH THE SHIP'S COMPANY.



(LEFT.) RETURNING BY AIR TO BRISBANE FROM ROCKHAMPTON DURING HER TOUR OF QUEENSLAND: THE QUEEN ABOUT TO ENTER AN AIR-LINER.

[Continued.]
destroyer Anzac. The British-built heavy cruiser Australia, flagship of the Australian Navy, acted as escort. After having been in commission since 1928, the cruiser is due to be broken up shortly.

(RIGHT.) LEANING FORWARD TO ACCEPT A BOUQUET FROM THE MAYOR'S LITTLE DAUGHTER WHILE THE MAYOR LOOKED ON: THE QUEEN AT BUNDABERG.



HER MAJESTY IN QUEENSLAND : SCENES IN BRISBANE, BUNDABERG, AND THE NORTHERLY CITY OF CAIRNS.



HER MAJESTY'S visit to Queensland lasted from March 9 until March 18 when, with the Duke, she left Brisbane by air for Broken Hill and Adelaide. The last day in Brisbane was extremely hot, but the Queen looked cool and composed throughout the day's engagements, which started with a welcome at the City Hall from the women's organisations of Queensland. The platform was strewn with 161 bouquets and the

(Continued below.)

(LEFT.) ADMIRING PRIVATE SEPTIMUS: THE QUEEN LOOKING AT THE SHETLAND PONY MASCOT OF THE ROYAL AUSTRALIAN REGIMENT OUTSIDE PARLIAMENT HOUSE, BRISBANE.



ATTENDING A BALL GIVEN BY THE LORD MAYOR: THE QUEEN, A RADIANT FIGURE, ARRIVING AT THE CITY HALL, BRISBANE.



WATCHING CHILDREN GIVING A DISPLAY OF MAYPOLE DANCING: THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE IN PARRAMATTA PARK, CAIRNS, QUEENSLAND'S MOST NORTHERLY CITY.



ACKNOWLEDGING THE WAVES AND CHEERS OF THE EXCITED CHILDREN: THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE DURING THEIR VISIT TO BUNDABERG ON MARCH 11.



INSPECTING THE MOUNTED POLICE: H.M. THE QUEEN IN BRISBANE SOON AFTER HER ARRIVAL IN AUSTRALIA'S THIRD LARGEST CITY ON MARCH 9.

(Continued.)

reception was attended by 2500 women. Later the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh drove to the exhibition grounds for a grand rally of Ex-Servicemen. In the evening the Royal visitors attended a reception in the gardens of Government House and talked with many of the guests, most of whom came from the western sheep and cattle stations. During the tour of Queensland the Royal visitors flew many hundreds of miles: on March 11, for instance, they flew 700 miles from Brisbane to Townsville, where they later embarked in the liner *Gothic* for their visit to Cairns and the Great Barrier Reef, where they went ashore on the white, sandy beach of Seaforth Island.



COMPARING ONE OF HER OWN PEARL EAR-RINGS WITH A VALUABLE THURSDAY ISLAND PEARL WHICH SHE HAD JUST BEEN SHOWN: THE QUEEN LOOKING INTO HER HAND-MIRROR DURING HER TWO-HOUR VISIT TO CAIRNS ON MARCH 13.

FIFTEENTH-CENTURY PILGRIMAGES TO THE HOLY CITY.

"JERUSALEM JOURNEY: PILGRIMAGE TO THE HOLY LAND IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY"; By H. F. M. PRESCOTT.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

THE fifteenth century was the last of the long roll of centuries during which, if a European had a mind to travel, he thought first and foremost of a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. Thereafter came a new sort of traveller, "gadding either into strange ways of thought and belief or out upon strange seas and round about the globe, but not along the ancient routes of pilgrim travel." The pilgrims of that century left voluminous records, though in England the only one well known is the journal of that overwhelming, voluble and hysterical but good-hearted matron, Margery Kempe. Miss Prescott has distilled the essence of them into a connected story. Her sources are various: devout men, worldlings, curious travellers, soldiers interested only in military things. But chief of them all, and the foundation of her book, is a German, Father Felix Fabri, a cheerful, charming, sensible traveller and writer who made two pilgrimages—the second because he found that on returning to Ulm after the first he didn't remember the things he ought to have remembered!

The fundamental spiritual urge behind the pilgrimage is never long out of sight. But in many regards the old pilgrims resembled modern tourists, and their experiences, and the organisations which managed their itineraries, closely resembled those with which we are familiar. Even among the narratives with which Miss Prescott deals there are two of which she says: "Instead of the self-revelation of Margery Kempe, the gentle but chivalric piety of de Caumont, the concise military notes of de Lannoy, de la Brocquière's lively narrative of adventure, Bishop Louis' sharp personal observations, we have, in spite of a seasoning of copybook religion, the true guidebook, full of plain, homespun, useful fact: the mileage between towns, rates of exchange, a long and very informative shopping list, a tariff of fees and tips to be paid in the Holy Land, word lists of Greek, of 'the language of Moresque' and 'of Turkey,' and, in as mercantile a spirit, an exact record of the indulgences to be gained at the Holy Places." The pilgrims from all over the Continent, from England, Scotland and Ireland, all made their way to Venice—their Liverpool or Southampton—by diverse routes. There

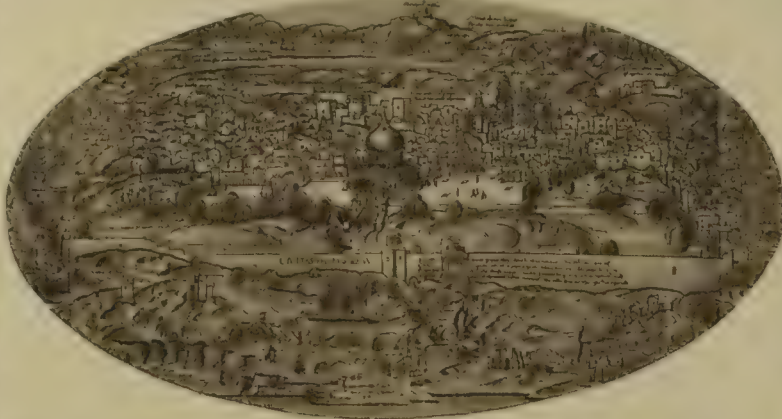
ship," says one of them, "as in places of study and at spas, very pleasant and jolly friendships are made." They reached their destination and the problems of tipping and smuggling had to be faced. As the pilgrims were having their last dinner before landing, the crew came "one after another . . . with silver cups, asking for gratuities . . . and if anyone refused . . . they said they would not set him on shore in the boat." As for smuggling, one article was dominant in their minds, for the Moslems were teetotallers: "From the guidebooks pilgrims had learnt that it was well to carry wine with them; but the bottles must be hidden in innocent-seeming sacks, or they would be broken by the Saracens; the pilgrims must therefore have experienced, upon landing, just those sensations known to so many travellers of to-day as they anxiously watch the facial expression or the groping hands of a zealous customs official."

After landing, the routine was more rigorous than that to which we are accustomed. The pilgrims were

to find members of a Saracen military mission, "dogs, and right enemies of the sacrament," being given place in a Corpus Christi procession around the Piazza of St. Mark. And Felix's solemn companion, Brother Paul, gives a long description of that incredible creature,

an elephant. "Surely," says he, "this beast appears to me to be more amazing than any other beast on earth; for a man may hardly depict the form and habit of body of that same beast. Six years old he was at the time, and he was of the largeness of a large horse, but not such a long body like a horse, but shorter and taller, altogether very ungainly. His colour is neither white nor black, but grey, like a hairless black pig. He has nor hair nor mane nor bristles, but looks bald. He keeps his head bowed like a pig, little eyes like a pig. His nose is full six palms—spannen—long. He appears not to have a lower lip, so he uses his nose and upper lip. His nose he bends and raises, stretches and turns hither and thither; with his nose he does everything. He lifts his nose and opens his mouth, and allows his teeth to be seen. He eats fruit, and with his nose picks up corn, and bending his nose puts it into his mouth; and the same when he drinks water. . . . He has as well as other teeth two long ones, sticking out and up on either side of his nose, each more than half an ell in length. He has very wide ears, or ear-flaps, hanging down on the sides of his head, covering his grey, leathery neck. He has as well four large, round feet; he does not grow hooves. . . . In his front legs are no joints except near the feet and near the body. . . . His cry is terrific. And what shall I say of his strength?"

The poor beast's strength was of no avail to it in the end. It was being taken round as a Sight. After a successful tour of Germany it was crossing the



THE CITY OF JERUSALEM IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY. THE CITY IS SHOWN AS FROM THE EAST, BUT PART OF THE COAST OF PALESTINE, WITH THE CAVES AT JAFFA, APPEAR BELOW.

Part of a panorama from Bernhard von Breydenbach, Peregrinatio in Terram Sanctam, Mainz, 1486, in the British Museum.

Illustrations from the book "Jerusalem Journey"; reproduced by Courtesy of the publishers, Eyre and Spottiswoode.

herded into vaults and caves with "bare, stinking, stable ground," and at once besieged by hucksters selling them rushes to lie upon and perfumes to counteract the smell; there they had to wait (Ellis Island would have seemed Paradise to them) until the local authorities were ready to give them permits to travel and check their names on the landing-lists; whereafter donkey-men (the equivalent of taximen) fought for their custom: "it not seldom happened that two or three drivers were dragging one pilgrim, one in one direction, another in another . . . for one Saracen brought seven or eight asses, of a sort, and hence it happens that when there are not above two hundred pilgrims there will be four hundred asses, wherefore the drivers fight for the pilgrims." At last arrived, the pilgrims behaved each according to his lights. Some remembered where they were and were reverent all the time. But others represent the Eternal Tripper. They had to be warned, in a sermon, just before entering the Holy City, not to carve their names on walls or chip fragments off monuments. The warnings on many of them were wasted. Felix knew one pilgrim "who always had a red stone in his purse, with which he used to write his name in every place, on every wall." Some of the pilgrims, in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre itself, after a perfunctory survey, produced bottles of wine and "sat down together swilling . . . till the bottles were empty," while others strolled up and down talking "about princes and quarrels, about the campaigns which they had served, and the comparison of warriors one with another." The chips from monuments were doubtless brought home as souvenirs: the most impressive sort of souvenirs were, of course, relics. Demand created supply. With the Germans, relics of the Holy Innocents were especially popular: in Egypt, according to Father Felix, there was a regular manufacture of these by "Saracens and Mamelukes." I don't think that the trade in fake antiques has quite died out in Egypt even to-day.

The reader of this fascinating book, so full both of genuine piety and of human fallibility, will come across all sorts of oddities by the way. One chronicler records a man who caught two swallows, bound girdles round them (we should call it ringing them) and found that "they came back every year with those same girdles to their nests." In Venice Father Felix found a German dog which hated all foreigners, and couldn't even tolerate the local Italians. German visitors thought that reasonable for "German men can never agree with Italians . . . nor Italians with us, because each nation has hatred of the other rooted in its very nature." In Venice also, another pilgrim was shocked



MISS HILDA PRESCOTT, THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE.

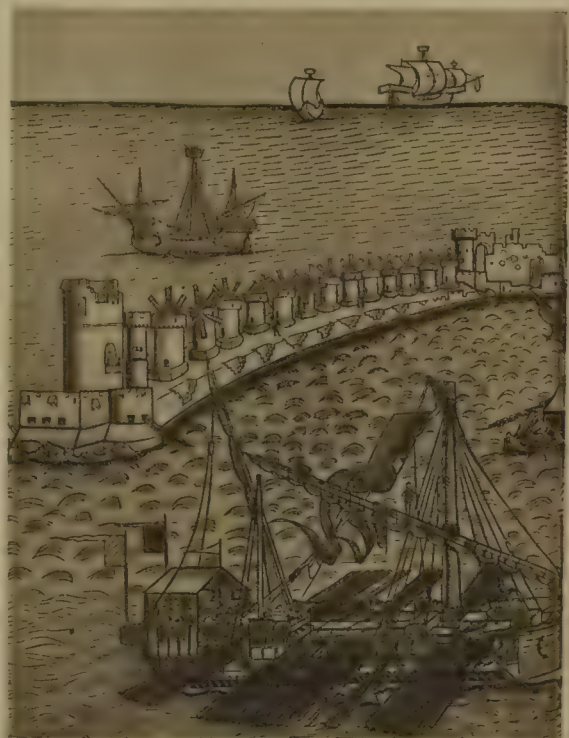
Miss Prescott, who was born in 1896, was educated at Wallasey High School, Cheshire, and Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford. She is the author of "The Unhurry Chase" (1925); "The Lost Fight" (1928); "Flammenca" (1930); "Son of Dust" (1932); "Dead and Not Buried" (1938); but she is chiefly known for her biographical study of "Mary Tudor" and her historical novel, "The Man on a Donkey" (1952).



PILGRIMS OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY. THEY BEAR THE COCKLE-SHELL OF ST. JAMES OF COMPOSTELLA, BUT CARRY THE STAFF, SCRIP AND BOTTLE COMMON TO ALL PILGRIMS.

"Saints Restoring a Child to Life," by Thierry Bouts, in the Laing Art Gallery, Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

they found a regular service of Pilgrims' Galleys plying to and from Palestine: the galleys were commanded by Venetian noblemen, who offered competitive rates—the reader would hardly be surprised were he told that there was a local Pilgrims' Agent called Ser Tommaso Cook. They sailed: "On board



A PILGRIM GALLEY IN HARBOUR. "THE PILGRIM GALLEYS FORMED PART OF THE MERCHANT FLEET OF VENICE. . . . A LARGE MERCHANT GALLEY COULD LOAD TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY TONS OF CARGO BELOW DECK, SO THAT SHE RODE LOW IN THE WATER, AND MUST DEPEND FOR THE GREATER PART OF HER VOYAGE UPON HER SAILS, BEING, IN FACT, PRACTICALLY A SAILING SHIP, WITH THE ADDED CONVENIENCE OF OARS FOR USE IN ENTERING AND LEAVING PORT."

From Bernhard von Breydenbach, Peregrinatio in Terram Sanctam, Mainz, 1486.

Channel to exhibit its astounding Nose in England, when a storm blew up and the sailors lightened ship (considerably, beyond doubt) by heaving him into the sea. A more resourceful elephant might have heaved the sailors over instead—with his "Nose."

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 500 of this issue.

* "Jerusalem Journey: Pilgrimage to the Holy Land in the Fifteenth Century." By H. F. M. Prescott. Illustrated. (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 18s.)

ENGLAND, ISRAEL AND JAPAN: RECENT NEWS EVENTS RECORDED BY THE CAMERA.



THE NEW DEPTFORD CREEK LIFT BRIDGE—REPLACING ONE DAMAGED IN AN AIR RAID IN 1940—WHICH WAS FORMALLY OPENED ON MARCH 22 BY MR. HUGH MOLSON. This new lift bridge—which improves the approaches of London's dock system—bridges the Deptford Creek and replaces one which was damaged by enemy action in September 1940. It has been in use for some time but was formally opened on March 22 by Mr. Molson, deputising for the Minister of Transport and Civil Aviation.



THE ISRAELI BUS AND SOME OF THE VICTIMS OF AN ARMED AMBUSH IN THE NEGEV ON MARCH 17, WHEN ELEVEN PERSONS, INCLUDING WOMEN AND CHILDREN, WERE SHOT. On March 17, at Scorpions' Pass, in the Negev, between Beersheba and Eilat, a bus containing fifteen persons was ambushed; and armed men, with sub-machine-guns, killed eleven, including the driver, and wounded two, while a woman and a child shammed dead. The Israel Government has denounced the attackers as Arabs from Jordan; and a hunt for the attackers was made, in which assistance was offered by the Arab Legion, and accepted.



THE RESTORED CHOIR OF THE TEMPLE CHURCH, SHOWING THE MODERN EAST WINDOW AND THE ORIGINAL WREN ALTAR SCREEN, NOW RESTORED AFTER OVER 100 YEARS. The restoration of the Temple Church in London, which was badly damaged by bombs in 1941, is now completed as regards the Choir (except for the outer roof) and a service of rededication by the Archbishop of Canterbury in the presence of the Queen Mother was arranged for March 23.



EXAMINING WITH GEIGER COUNTERS FISH IN A TOKYO MARKET—PART OF THE CATCH OF THE *FUKURYU MARU*, ON WHICH ASHES FROM AN ATOMIC EXPLOSION FELL. On March 1, a Japanese fishing-vessel, *Fukuryu Maru*, about 80 miles from Bikini, was showered with ashes from a thermo-nuclear explosion. On arrival in Japan some of the crew were found to be injured; and the fish, some of which had been sold, was found to be dangerously radio-active.



THE HYBRID MILL AT WEST ASHLING, SUSSEX—DRIVEN BY WIND, WATER OR STEAM—WHICH MAY BE PRESERVED BY THE WEST SUSSEX COUNTY COUNCIL. This mill, originally a water-driven paper mill, was fitted with sails for wind-power about 100 years ago to meet occasions when the water power was insufficient. It was damaged during the war and has since fallen into disrepair. It is believed unique and the West Sussex County Council are reported to be considering preserving it.



UPPARK, IN WEST SUSSEX, WHICH HAS BEEN GIVEN TO THE NATIONAL TRUST BY ADMIRAL SIR H. MEADE-FETHERSTONHAUGH, AND HIS SON. Uppark is set in the South Downs and was built in 1690 by Lord Tankerville from William Talman's designs; and the rooms were mainly decorated and furnished about 1750 and 1770 and retain even their original flock wall-papers. Many original curtains and other textiles also still survive.



THE DUCHESS OF KENT SHAKES HANDS WITH A CHELSEA PENSIONER DURING HER VISIT TO THE DORSET REGIMENT, OF WHICH SHE IS COLONEL-IN-CHIEF. H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent on March 20 visited The Dorset Regiment, of which she is Colonel-in-Chief, at Dorchester, and received from them a diamond brooch in the form of the Regimental badge—the presentation being made by an eighteen-year-old recruit and a Chelsea Pensioner.

THE VITAL BATTLE OF DIEN BIEN PHU.



INSIDE THE PERIMETER OF DIEN BIEN PHU, WHERE THE FRENCH UNION FORCES HAVE BEEN ATTACKED IN A MAJOR ACTION BY THE VIET MINH. A MORTAR IN ACTION.



BOMBERS AND FIGHTERS ON THE AIRSTRIP AT DIEN BIEN PHU. BY MARCH 16 THE AIRSTRIP WAS OUT OF ACTION, BUT SUPPLIES AND REINFORCEMENTS WERE STILL PARACHUTED IN.



IN THE EARLY STAGES OF THE DIEN BIEN PHU BATTLE: FRENCH FIGHTER PILOTS EMERGING FROM SHELTER ON THE AIRSTRIP TO UNDERTAKE A SORTIE AGAINST THE ENEMY.

On March 15 the huge Viet Minh force—about 30,000 troops in all—which has been massing around the heavily defended French position of Dien Bien Phu, launched its long-awaited major attack. This consisted of an all-out infantry assault, supported by surprisingly heavy artillery preparation, including, it is thought, 105-mm. guns. During the first day a French resistance centre was overrun—a serious setback for the defence, but not apparently indispensable for the defence of the airfield. The furious fighting continued for two days, and by the end the airstrip of the fortress was out of action. Nevertheless, supplies and reinforcements were parachuted in. A lull followed in the ground fighting, and the Viet Minh losses were believed to be very heavy. Artillery and aircraft duels continued and it was seen that the Communist forces were digging in. The French were occasionally able to use the airstrip; and supplies and reinforcements continued to be dropped by parachute.

THE COMET SALVAGE—RECOVERING THE ENGINES.

On March 15 the continued search of the Mediterranean sea-bed off Elba for the wreckage of the *Comet* airliner which crashed in the sea on January 10 was crowned with remarkable success. The main spar was recovered and two of the engines were sighted. On March 17 three of the engines were recovered and it was reported that in one of them—the No. 2 port inboard engine—the whole turbine rotor disc was missing. These were flown back to England and arrived in London on March 21, where they were immediately examined at the works of the de Havilland Aircraft Co., and the following announcement was made: "Exhaustive laboratory work must be undertaken before any conclusion can be reached as to whether the loss of the turbine disc of one of the engines was the cause of the accident or was caused by the accident. But preliminary examination . . . does not suggest that it was the cause." On March 19 the fourth engine and a section of the undercarriage with four wheels were recovered.



A LARGE FRAGMENT OF THE MAIN STRUCTURE OF THE CRASHED *COMET* BEING TRANSFERRED FROM SEA SALVOR TO A BARGE AT ELBA, AFTER BEING RECOVERED ON MARCH 15.



ONE OF THE RECOVERED *GHOST* ENGINES OF THE *COMET*—ON ARRIVAL AT LONDON AIRPORT. THIS IS THE ONE—THE PORT INBOARD—FROM WHICH THE TURBINE ROTOR DISC IS MISSING.



ONE OF THE FIRST THREE OF THE *COMET*'S ENGINES TO BE RECOVERED. UNLIKE THE ONE ABOVE, THIS RETAINS ITS AIR IMPELLER AND TURBINE ROTOR DISC.

THE "SCALP" OF AN "ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN"?: A YETI-HIDE HEAD-DRESS.

IN sending us the photographs reproduced on this page Professor C. von Fürer-Haimendorf, of the School of Oriental and African Studies, who has recently made an anthropological study of the Sherpas of the Mount Everest region in Eastern Nepal, writes: "The Sherpas of the Khumbu area, near Mount Everest, are familiar with animals called *yeti*, and among the masks and ritual objects kept in a small Buddhist temple at Pangboche village there is a head-dress believed to consist of the scalp of such a *yeti*. It is made of strong hide, with sparse, bristly hair of brownish colour. Although there is reason to believe that the skin is, in fact, that of a *yeti*, it is probably not a 'scalp' but a piece of hide from another part of the body, moulded into its present shape while still fresh and pliable. By coining the picturesque name 'The Abominable Snowman,' Westerners have surrounded the *yeti* with an air of mystery; but to the Sherpas there is nothing very mysterious about *yeti*, and they speak of them in much the same way as Indian aborigines speak of tigers. Most Sherpas have seen *yeti* at some time or other, and wall-paintings in monasteries and temples depict two types of them—one resembling a bear and one resembling a large monkey. It is generally known that there are two such types, and that in hard winters they may come into the valleys and prey on the Sherpas' potato stores, or even on cattle. The idea that it is unlucky to see a *yeti* may be due to an association between the hardships caused by an abnormally heavy snowfall and the appearance of *yeti* near human habitations on such occasions. No particular virtue is ascribed to the head-dress of *yeti*-hide in Pangboche; it is freely handled and treated neither with reverence nor with any superstitious fear. Pangboche, about 14,000 ft. above sea-level, is the last permanently inhabited Sherpa village on the approaches to Mount Everest."



WORN BY A LAMA OF PANGBOCHE, A SHERPA VILLAGE ON THE APPROACHES TO MOUNT EVEREST: A HEAD-DRESS OF SO-CALLED YETI-HIDE. BY COINING THE PICTURESQUE NAME OF "THE ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN," WESTERNERS HAVE SURROUNDED THE YETI WITH AN AIR OF MYSTERY, BUT TO THE SHERPAS THERE IS NOTHING VERY STRANGE ABOUT THEM.



THE MOUNTAINOUS COUNTRY WHICH THE YETI INHABITS: A VIEW FROM PANGBOCHE UP THE VALLEY OF THE IMJA KHOLA, WITH MOUNT EVEREST IN THE BACKGROUND.



A PALE-RED SQUARE BUILDING WHERE THE HEAD-DRESS OF SO-CALLED YETI-HIDE IS KEPT: THE BUDDHIST TEMPLE, OR GOMPA, AT PANGBOCHE, IN THE HIMALAYAS.

"FOR THE PUBLIC GOOD." THE BICENTENARY OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF ARTS.

By KENNETH W. LUCKHURST, Secretary of the Society.

ALTHOUGH the Royal Society of Arts celebrates its bicentenary this week, and is one of the oldest of all British societies, its real nature and work are perhaps less clearly understood by the general public than those of any other national institution.

This is largely due to its title, for the word "arts," which in the eighteenth century readily conveyed the idea of skilful and knowledgeable activity of every kind, has now acquired a much more restricted sense, at least in everyday speech. Hence the bewilderment of many who find that a Society of Arts (among its other activities) conducts commercial examinations, appoints Royal Designers for Industry, awards a famous prize for jurisprudence, administers a trust for "the advancement of navigation and the educational interests of the merchant service," and organises a lecture programme which, over the years, touches every aspect of practical knowledge, including, of course, many scientific and technical subjects. The Society's true nature would be more generally understood if it were practicable to make regular use of its full, and original, title, The Royal Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures and Commerce; but even this cumbersome phrase does not cover the full extent of its interests, unless the word "arts" is allowed its widest connotation.

How did a body with such heterogeneous functions come into existence? It was founded on the simple but, as it proved, highly effective idea of a drawing-master, William Shipley, that a fund formed from the small but regular subscriptions of a body of public-spirited associates could make possible the annual offer of prizes for the promotion of every kind of useful activity. A start on these lines was made at the Society's very first meeting, held at Rawthmell's coffee-house on March 22, 1754, when the eleven members present decided to offer prizes for the discovery of cobalt, and the growing of madder, in England, and also for children's drawings because "ye Art of Drawing is absolutely necessary in many Employments, Trades and Manufactures." The two first-named of these quaintly assorted offers yielded little immediate result, but among the forty-five candidates for the drawing prizes were two whose names are still remembered—Richard Cosway and John Smart.

From this small and simple beginning the Society's membership and competitions soon increased until the objects for which prizes were offered each year included agriculture, reafforestation, mechanical invention, industrial chemistry, shipbuilding and every branch of the fine arts, while the interests of the

were established and new methods of agriculture brought into general use, while many young artists whose names subsequently became famous received their first encouragement and confirmation



THE FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE SOCIETY OF ARTS—WHICH RECEIVED ITS ROYAL CHARTER NEARLY A HUNDRED YEARS LATER, IN 1847—VISCOUNT FOLKESTONE; FROM THE PORTRAIT BY THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH, WHICH HANGS IN THE SOCIETY'S "GREAT ROOM."

in their careers through an award received in one of these competitions.

Besides offering prizes for specific objects, such as the design of improved looms, agricultural implements, the cultivation of new crops and the discovery of new dyes, the Society expended considerable sums on the production of raw materials, such as madder, potash, hemp and silk, and even for the killing of whales with the newly-invented gun-harpoon. Its most expensive project, however, was the establishment in London of a regular supply of fish by improved land transport, an example which was quickly followed by provincial cities.

In all this material development humanitarian considerations were never overlooked, and many devices to prevent injury to the workers were the subject of the Society's prizes. The awards in this category included prizes for obviating the dangers of noxious fumes and industrial dusts, and for devices for fire-fighting and saving life at sea; but perhaps the most noted was the prize awarded to George Smart in 1808, after long-continued offers by the Society, for the invention of a telescopic brush which made the use of boys for chimney-sweeping no longer necessary. These interests of the Society still continue, and prizes have been offered by it during the present year for new ideas for fighting fires and combating industrial disease and injury.

Although its annual prize competition long remained the core of the Society's activity, it became aware at an early stage of the value of exhibitions. By holding, in April 1760, the first exhibition of contemporary art in this country, and repeating the experiment annually for some years, it pioneered the way for the establishment of the Royal Academy in 1768, and in 1761 it opened a permanent collection of agricultural and industrial machinery—the earliest industrial exhibition or museum. In the nineteenth century it originated or assisted many famous exhibitions, including the Great Exhibition of 1851 and its less famous successor of 1862, the first Photographic

Exhibition (1852), and the first Educational Exhibition, by the holding of which it celebrated its centenary (1854).

After eighty years of industrious well-doing, it became clear that some of the Society's methods, but not, of course, its wide aims of independent service to the community, were becoming outmoded. Radical changes in its constitution, and a reorientation of its activity from the offer of prizes to the dissemination of useful knowledge by the usual methods of a learned society, gave the Society a new life, and thanks to the support of the President, Prince Albert, to the success of its offspring, the Great Exhibition, and to the zealous support of men like Henry Cole, it assumed once more a place of influence in an altered world. An early fruit of these changes was the establishment of a weekly *Journal* in place of an annual volume of *Transactions*, and the regular publication of this periodical for over a century, containing as it does up-to-date and authoritative information on so wide a range of subjects, is one of the Society's greatest achievements.

Besides constituting itself in this way an important source of information, the Society also found more active ways to be useful. It assumed a leading position in the world of adult education and actually founded two educational establishments, one of which, the National Training School for Music, was subsequently re-founded as the Royal College of Music. It was a pioneer in the movement for improved sanitation and water supply, and it espoused such diverse causes as the teaching of drill in schools, the improvement of London cabs and Channel ferry services, the institution of a universal standard pitch in music, and the erection of commemorative mural plaques in London.

Since the First World War the Society's interest has swung strongly into the field of industrial design, to the improvement of which its annual competitions, its Burlington House exhibition (held in 1935 in conjunction with the Royal Academy), and its distinction of "Royal Designer for Industry," have made and are making lasting and far-reaching contributions.

By the renovation of Arlington Row, Bibury, and the entire village of West Wycombe in the early 'thirties, it gave a strong pointer to what it regarded as the necessity for preserving, but at the same time modernising, our heritage of ancient cottages, while its commercial examinations, established almost a century ago, have fully kept apace with the expansion of commercial education and constitute one of the largest systems of public examinations in the country.

Thus does the Society ever turn from one new project to another, and to-day, as it looks forward



THE FOUNDER AND FIRST SECRETARY OF THE SOCIETY OF ARTS: WILLIAM SHIPLEY (1714-1803); FROM THE PAINTING BY RICHARD COSWAY, WHO WAS A PRIZE-WINNER AT THE SOCIETY'S FIRST DRAWING COMPETITION.

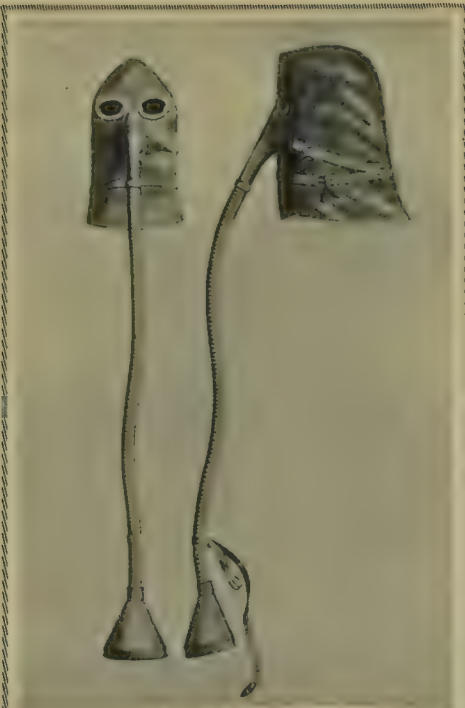
colonies were as much taken into account as those of the Mother Country. Many hundreds of prizes were offered annually, and the very high standard which was observed in the investigation of every entry imposed a great burden upon the members. In fact, by means of a series of committees, they were really



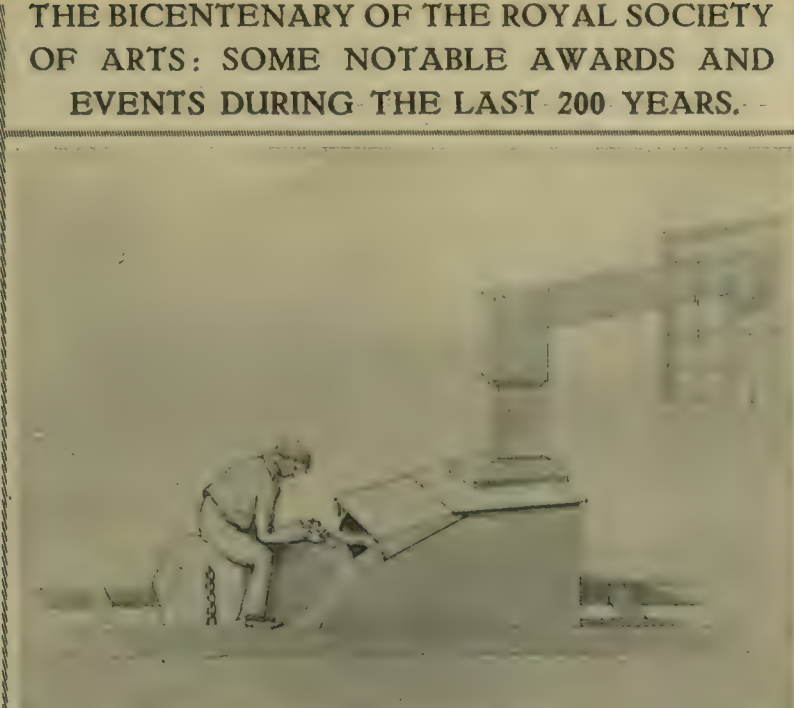
THE SOCIETY'S HOUSE IN 1790, FROM AN AQUATINT BY T. MALTON. IT WAS DESIGNED BY THE BROTHERS ADAM, FIRST OCCUPIED BY THE SOCIETY IN 1774 AND, EXTERNALLY, REMAINS THE SAME TO THIS DAY.

to its third century, it is encouraged by the inspiring leadership of its President, H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, and by a membership larger than ever before in its history, to hope that it may continue, in constantly changing ways, to be, in the words of its founders, a "design for the publick good."

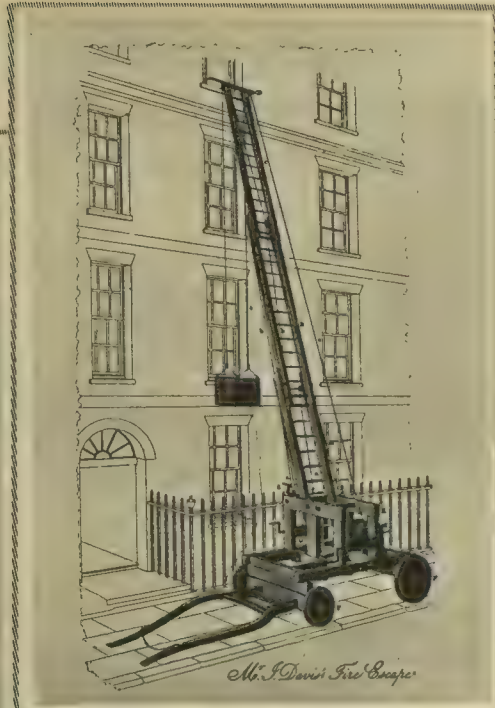
THE BICENTENARY OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF ARTS: SOME NOTABLE AWARDS AND EVENTS DURING THE LAST 200 YEARS.



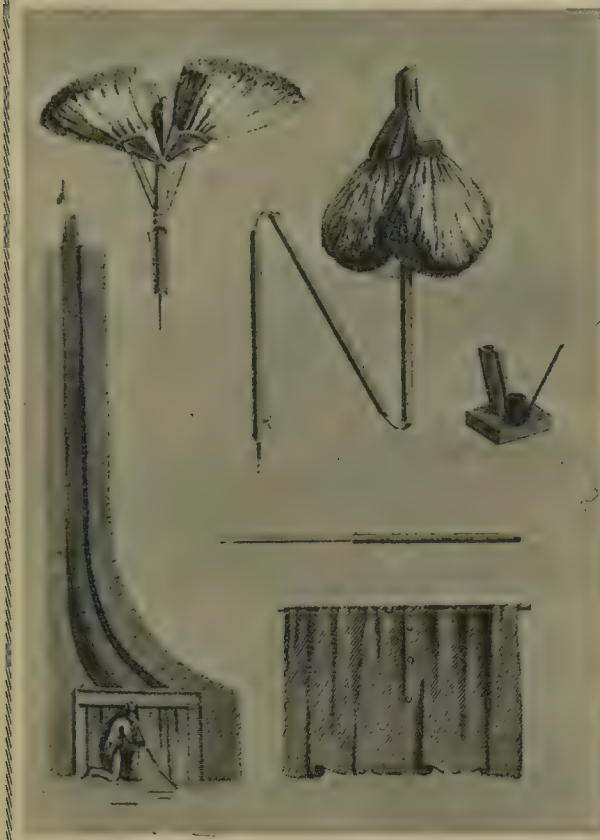
INCORPORATING ALL THE PRINCIPLES OF THE MODERN GAS-MASK: MR. JOHN ROBERTS' IMPROVED HOOD FOR BREATHING IN SMOKY AIR—AWARDED A SILVER MEDAL AND 50 GUINEAS BY THE SOCIETY IN 1825.



AWARDED A PRIZE BY THE SOCIETY IN 1822: J. H. ABRAHAM'S DEVICE FOR "OBTAINING THE PREJUDICIAL EFFECTS OF THE OPERATION OF GRINDING NEEDLES," OWING TO THE WORKERS' DISTRUST, IT NEVER CAME INTO GENERAL USE.



AWARDED A PRIZE OF 50 GUINEAS IN 1810: MR. JOHN DAVIS'S EXTENDING FIRE-ESCAPE, THE FORERUNNER OF THE MODERN EXTENDING LADDER. THE BOXES WERE FOR THE REMOVAL OF VALUABLES.



PERHAPS THE MOST FAMOUS OF THE SOCIETY'S HUMANITARIAN PROJECTS: THE "SCANDISCOPE," OR SWEEP'S BRUSH, WHICH WON A GOLD MEDAL FOR G. M. SMART IN 1806.

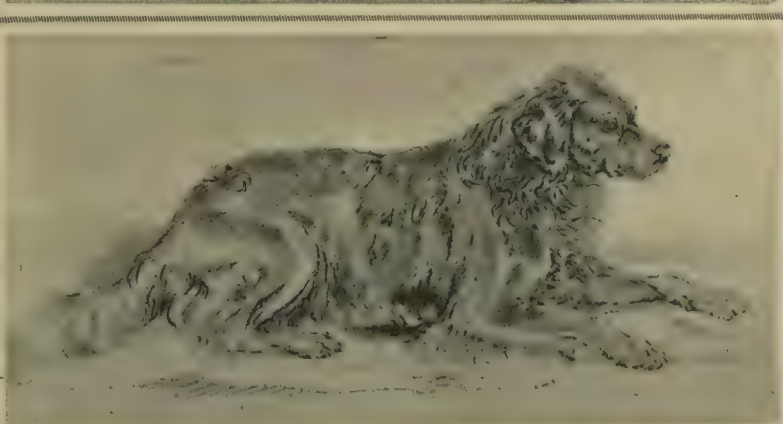
(RIGHT.) IN THE FIRST DRAWING COMPETITION HELD BY THE SOCIETY IN 1755, THIS PENCIL DRAWING BY JOHN SMART, THEN AGED ELEVEN, WON ONE OF THE PRIZES (THE SECOND), RICHARD COSWAY WINNING THE FIRST.

DURING this last week the Royal Society of Arts—or, to give it its full name—the Royal Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures and Commerce—has been celebrating the bicentenary of its foundation. The programme of events included a Commemorative Service at St. Martin-in-the-Fields on March 22; lectures on "The Arts," "Manufactures" and "Commerce" during the 200 years by, respectively, Professor Pevsner, Sir Ben Lockspeiser and Sir Geoffrey Heyworth, on March 23, 24 and 25; a banquet on March 26; and on March 22 a most interesting occasion marked by

(Continued below.)



(RIGHT.) DRAWN BY MASTER EDWIN (LATER SIR EDWIN) LANDSEER (AGED TEN) AT THE SOCIETY'S HOUSE TO SUBSTANTIATE HIS CLAIM TO THE SILVER PALLET MEDAL IN 1813—WHICH HE WON.



THE "GREAT ROOM" OF THE SOCIETY OF ARTS, DURING A PRIZE-GIVING IN 1809: FROM AN ACKERMAN PRINT, SHOWING SOME OF THE VAST PAINTINGS BY JAMES BARRY, R.A.



THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPHIC EXHIBITION—HELD IN THE GREAT ROOM OF THE SOCIETY OF ARTS: FROM THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS OF JANUARY 1, 1853.

Continued.) the presentation of Congratulatory Addresses by "kindred bodies." These kindred bodies, some fifty-six in all, covered the most illustrious Societies of this country, ranging in age from the Royal College of Physicians of 1518 to the Modular Society of 1953, and in scope from the Royal Academy of Arts to the

Institute of Bankers; and included distinguished Societies from Dublin, America, Germany, France, Sweden and Malta. On the opposite page Mr. K. W. Luckhurst, the Society's Secretary, writes of its history and its aims; and above we illustrate some of the inventions it encouraged and the child artists it rewarded.

THE historical records of the Second World War will now be appearing rapidly for some time to come. In fact, so many volumes—British, Canadian, Australian, and New Zealand, to say nothing of American—will be coming out that very few readers are likely to keep pace with all. The scope of these will naturally vary. For example, Major Ellis's account of the B.E.F. in France and Flanders often describes the day's doings of a division in a line or two. The New Zealand account of the defence of Crete often devotes more space to the doings of a company. The scale differs because the defence of Crete was based on a single, incomplete New Zealand division. The whole defence was in the hands of the New Zealand commander, now General Lord Freyberg, who delegated the direct command of the division to Brigadier (now Lieut.-General) E. Puttick during that period. At the same time the story is part of the New Zealand national annals. The action of other troops, British, Australian and Greek, as well as of naval and air forces, is described in some detail, but this is a New Zealand story.*

It is not difficult to criticise Mr. Davin's treatment of the episode. He is not a tidy writer. He leaves what may be called his scaffolding all over the place, telling the reader that he has left out so-and-so for later treatment or recorded so-and-so before its time, or told only half the tale of so-and-so, which must be completed later. His summaries and criticisms seem too complex, with too many balancing pros and cons, and would gain by simplification. Yet these are minor grumbles. Mr. Davin is a conscientious writer who has undertaken as hard a task as any of the military historians of this war will have to face. The story is, as he remarks, baffling; the evidence is often hard to find and sometimes sharply conflicting. He must have worked like a Trojan, and he has made a success of his labours. This is a feat for which he deserves high praise. The criticisms are unusually frank, perhaps in the case of the Marine, Major-General Weston, unduly severe. But it is an honest piece of serious history.

Those of us who were outside observers felt at the time that the defence of Crete had been prejudiced by lack of preparation before the hour of pressure arrived. We now see that we were right. This was partly due to chopping and changing of senior officers and lack of a consistent system of command. Yet it is easy to be too censorious. When British troops first went to Crete the likelihood of a great assault on the island seemed remote. By far the most useful work which could have been effected, improvement of facilities of the little southern harbours and of communications between them and the north coast, would have made demands on materials, shipping and labour in demand elsewhere. Everyone realised that Crete faced the wrong way round. Had the high-walled southern coast been on the north side and the relatively easy one on the south, the island might not have been attacked and could almost certainly have been successfully defended if it had been. Lack of preparation was not the fault of the New Zealanders, who arrived late in the day after withdrawal from Greece, painfully short of equipment and even of arms.

Generally, Lord Wavell seems to have been too sanguine. Lord Freyberg, who would not claim to rival him as a strategist, saw the thing more clearly. It could not be done, he said, without adequate naval and air support. The naval support was forthcoming, but local air support was reduced almost to nil; long-range was naturally, with the aircraft available, inadequate; and the shortage of air support limited the naval support which Lord Cunningham could give, and cost his forces fearful loss. Yet Lord Freyberg undertook the job almost cheerfully, and at the start believed that, after all, he would succeed in holding the island. In truth, the issue was nicely balanced. The Prime Minister said afterwards that Crete was lost only by a very narrow margin, and his words were justified. Towards the end some cases of weakness occurred among men worn out by intolerable strain, but no instance can be found of troops fighting with such effect and such bravery against constant heavy air attack as well as that of highly trained troops far better armed and equipped than themselves.

The senior New Zealand officers must have been men of great physical as well as mental fitness. They kept their heads and maintained their energy and determination in remarkable fashion. For the armchair critic to find fault with them in some cases seems ridiculous; yet critics are there to criticise and do not pretend that they could have defended Crete any more than that they could have written "Antony and Cleopatra," the construction of which play they often find weak. It seems to me that if the situation had been regarded as desperate at an earlier stage the defence might have been more successful. This suggestion is not as paradoxical as it sounds. Had final success seemed less likely, they would not have

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. THE NEW ZEALANDERS IN CRETE.*

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

been so careful of reserves or have worried so much about the risk of naval landings. This applies in particular to the Maleme sector, facing Canea Bay, near the north-west corner of the long, narrow island.

While the defence held the Maleme airfield, even though unable to use it, the prospects of holding Crete remained pretty good. (It might have been taken otherwise, but probably would not have been.) If the defence lost it, which means here not merely losing



THE GERMAN AERIAL ATTACK ON CRETE: BIG JUNKERS 52 DROPPING THEIR LOADS OF PARATROOPERS, EACH BETWEEN TWELVE AND FIFTEEN MEN, FROM HEIGHTS OF FROM 300 TO 600 FT.

"Paratroopers, like glider crews, landed with weapons. But whereas the glider troops could go into action as a formed body as soon as they got themselves and their heavier weapons out of the glider, the parachutists landed as individuals . . . and needed time before they could collect and fight as a team . . . so there was an initial period of vulnerability. The defence took full advantage of this and the still more vulnerable moments before landing. . . . Nevertheless enough survived . . ." writes Mr. Davin in "Crete."



THE LAST H.Q. IN CRETE: A NATURAL CAVE AT SKAFIA, THE SHELTER FROM WHICH THE BRITISH GENERAL STAFF CONDUCTED THE EMBARKATION OF TROOPS.

"The withdrawal makes a tragic story," writes Captain Cyril Falls in his review of "Crete," the official history of New Zealand in the Second World War, "lightened, however, by the unexpectedly large proportion of the survivors who were taken off." The embarkation of troops was conducted from a natural cave at Skafia.

Illustrations by courtesy of the publishers of "Crete," the book reviewed on this page.

physical possession of it but ceasing to be able to command it, and got pushed away to the east, the fall of Crete became almost inevitable. The Germans could fly over adequate reinforcements and light material. The reinforcements need not necessarily be troops trained and organised for operations of this nature. They might lose a few aircraft to the occasional long-range attack which was all the British could organise, but this hardly counted. With these considerations in view it seems scarcely open to doubt that the best course would have been to commit reserves sooner and in greater strength at Maleme and to have based the defence on the counter-attack at all costs. The success of more than one small and

local counter-attack by New Zealanders and even by untrained Greeks, points to what might have been achieved by stronger ones. If it had to be done over again I am sure this view would have prevailed throughout the 2nd New Zealand Division.

I have indicated that the Navy suffered heavy punishment in its magnificent and selfless efforts in aid of the garrison of Crete. There was a great difference in the risk according to whether the fleet operated north or south of the island. Until the withdrawal, however, there was little point in approaching the south side because practically nothing in the way either of troops or supplies could be brought across the mountains to the north coast. Though the story of the campaign is fairly well known, it is probably not generally realised to what an extent and how late ships came round to the north coast by night, chiefly with ammunition. For the withdrawal of the main forces they had to come to the south side only, but by this time the danger had increased because the enemy was using Maleme. The heroism of the pilots and crews of *Hurricanes* and *Blenheims* was equally notable, but in their case the effect on the fortunes of the campaign was small. The distance was too great.

The withdrawal makes a tragic story, lightened, however, by the unexpectedly large proportion of the survivors who were taken off. The march across the island must have been a nightmare to the weary and often hungry men. A number dropped out from exhaustion, but, considering the nature of the going, remarkably few. The evacuation was marred by one shocking tragedy, that of the fate of the Australians in the Retimo sector, which was due to the impossibility of communicating the situation and plans to them in time. The other calamity was that there was not shipping for all and that considerable numbers, who had carried out successfully the frightful retreat, could not be taken off. Yet in some instances officers and N.C.O.s fought—to stay behind. Colonel (now Sir Howard) Kippenberger, who is editor-in-chief of the New Zealand history, records that he had to turn down urgent appeals to be left with the rear party—in this case not necessarily doomed, but due to remain another twenty-four hours at great risk.

Naturally, this was not always the case. Men in the mass are not as heroic as all that. By this time there were many stragglers, and the approaches to the boats had to be guarded by armed men to prevent them being rushed. Naturally, also, when an officer had to choose between who should go and who should stay, he chose, first, men who had remained in their units—preferably his own—secondly, men who though detached from their units had kept their arms; and, last, those who had lost their arms. Yet among the third category there were doubtless men who had fought with the highest courage, had fallen out on the march from sheer exhaustion, had recovered sufficiently to crawl on again, and now fell into the doomed category. Some historians would have skated over this side of the story, which, after all, has only a secondary military significance, but Mr. Davin is too conscientious for that.

If the defence tactics had their faults, those of the attack were, in general, bold. Some of the German troops turned and ran in face of surprisingly small counter-attacks, but the persistence of parachutists in units and sub-units which had lost up to two-thirds of their strength in the drop was remarkable. Strategically the whole plan was weak. The strength of the force which could be transported by glider and dropped by parachute was limited, but the objectives were scattered and ambitious. If the Germans came near to failure it was for lack of decisive strength at the decisive point, a factor on which their doctrine lays so much stress. Their losses were very heavy. More than that, this method of airborne warfare, in which they then led the world, was closed for them by the campaign in Crete. The New Zealanders were to meet their parachute troops again, but then fighting as ordinary infantry.

One of the outstanding features of the campaign was the conduct of 28 (Maori) Battalion. We are too prone to regard Maoris as extremely dashing troops and to underrate their powers of endurance—perhaps even their own divisional commander may have done so in this campaign. Here they defended as stubbornly as they counter-attacked bravely. They kept up their spirit and fighting power splendidly. The work of the Australians will appear in their own history; here it must suffice to say that it was excellent and that Brigadier G. A. Vasey showed himself as a commander of high ability and courage. Some of the Greek counter-attacks were heroic. British Army and Marine units lived up to their standard. In fact, the only troops not up to it were untrained "oddments," some of whom arrived without arms. Mr. Davin asks the question: "Need Crete have fallen?" Probably not, almost certainly not if we had done the ideal thing from the first and the Germans had made such mistakes as they did make. That, however, is stretching conjecture.

* "Crete." (Official History of New Zealand in the Second World War, 1939-45.) By D. M. Davin. (Geoffrey Cumberlege: Oxford University Press; 30s.)



TO JOIN THE R.A.F. NIGHT FIGHTER FORCE: A NEW TYPE OF DE HAVILLAND *VENOM*, THE *VENOM* MK. 3, WHICH IS FITTED WITH THE LATEST COMBAT EQUIPMENT.



IN PRODUCTION FOR THE R.A.F.: A SWEEP-WING SINGLE-SEAT FIGHTER, THE HAWKER *HUNTER* F. MARK I, WHICH IS FITTED WITH A ROLLS-ROYCE *AVON* GAS TURBINE.



THE FIRST BRITISH-BUILT SWEEP-WING FIGHTER TO REACH THE R.A.F.: THE VICKERS SUPERMARINE *SWIFT*, POWERED BY A ROLLS-ROYCE *AVON* TURBOJET ENGINE. PERFORMANCE DETAILS ARE STILL SECRET.



(ABOVE.) THE FIRST DELTA-WING ALL-WEATHER FIGHTER: THE GLOSTER *JAVELIN* WHICH SHOULD HAVE A SPEED OF BETWEEN 600 AND 700 MILES AN HOUR.



(LEFT.) IN SUPER-PRIORITY PRODUCTION: THE FIRST DELTA-WING BOMBER IN THE WORLD; THE AVRO *VULCAN*, POWERED BY FOUR ARMSTRONG-SIDDELEY *SAPPHIRE* ENGINES.



A HIGH-PERFORMANCE BOMBER WHICH SHOULD BE DELIVERED IN THE COMING YEAR: THE VICKERS *VALIANT*, POWERED BY FOUR ROLLS-ROYCE *AVON* TURBOJET ENGINES.



ONE OF THE NEW AIRCRAFT WITH WHICH THE R.A.F. WILL BE RE-EQUIPPED: THE FOUR-JET CRESCENT WING HANDLEY-PAGE *VICTOR* BOMBER.



IN PRODUCTION FOR COASTAL COMMAND: THE AVRO *SHACKLETON* MK. 2, POWERED BY FOUR ROLLS-ROYCE *GRIFFON* ENGINES. IT HAS TREMENDOUS POWER AND RANGE.

IN SUPER-PRIORITY PRODUCTION FOR THE R.A.F.: THE LATEST BRITISH-BUILT BOMBERS AND FIGHTERS.

During the debate on the Air Estimates in the House of Commons on March 4, the Under-Secretary of State for Air, Mr. Ward, emphasised that quality, not quantity, would be the keynote of the development of the R.A.F., and he gave an indication of the vastly improved performance of the new types of aircraft with which the R.A.F. is being re-equipped. On this page we show the aircraft mentioned by Mr. Ward, who said that during the coming financial year the size of the night fighter force is to be doubled, and a new type of de Havilland *Venom*, the Mk. 3, which has a greatly improved performance, will be introduced. He disclosed that the Gloster *Javelin* should have a speed of between 600 and

700 m.p.h. and be able to operate at a height of over 50,000 ft. The first British swept-wing fighter, the Supermarine *Swift*, already in service with Fighter Command, will be joined later this year by the other machine of this type, the Hawker *Hunter*, and in a year's time they will form more than half the R.A.F. day fighter force. There was good news of two bombers which, Mr. Ward said, will "not be far behind the *Valiant*," which should be delivered in the coming year. Their increased flying height, range and speed should add a great deal to our striking power. The expansion and re-equipment of Coastal Command is being completed with an improved version of the Avro *Shackleton*.



IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



MID-MARCH, and still the weather continues "drunk and disorderly." Occasional brief, lucid intervals of half-promise, and then days and days of sullen, icy beastliness interspersed with flurries of uproar. The snowdrops are more than half over. The sooner they are quite over the happier I shall be. Like snow itself, they are beautiful when they first arrive, and then, at the end of their season, they tend to look like those grubby patches of drifted snow that linger in the lee of walls and hedges, long after all around has become pleasantly green.

Interest has shifted from the snowdrops to the Kabschias. What, you may ask—if you do not happen to be a rock gardener—what on earth are "the Kabschias"? The name sounds as if it might belong to some crack Indian cavalry regiment, or perhaps a secret society of taxi-drivers. No. Kabschia is the name of one section of the great Saxifrage family. Roughly, their characteristics are that they form dense, rounded cushions or bosses composed of many small leaf-rosettes. The grey or grey-green leaves are sharply pointed, and the flowers, carried singly, or in heads of several, on short stems, are white, pink or yellow. They are among the earliest of all rock-garden flowers, and certainly they are among the most beautiful.

Saxifraga burseriana is a typical Kabschia, with its firm, rounded domes of close grey foliage, and great, snow-white blossoms carried singly on short, reddish stems. The species varies a good deal in nature, and a number of named forms are in cultivation. Of these, *Saxifraga burseriana* "Gloria" is by far the finest and most beautiful. "Gloria" originated at Reginald Farrer's Yorkshire nursery, where it arrived, and was picked out from among a batch of collected specimens which Farrer had imported. That was a long time ago. I bought a dozen small plants at a big price from Farrer about 1910. Then, at my nursery foreman's suggestion, I ordered a dozen more at about double the price. These arrived in pots which were a shade larger than those of the original dozen. Otherwise there was no difference. But we did not complain. The plants were sound, if small, and it was so obviously a good thing that we quickly settled down to propagating "Gloria" for all we were worth—and selling none—for the next four or five years. By that time we really had something to talk about and to exhibit.

At the mid-March moment of writing, *Saxifraga burseriana* "Gloria" is in full flower in my son's Alpine house here. It is also in flower in the open air. That is a curious thing about the Kabschias. They greatly appreciate life—especially at flowering time—in the slight protection of the Alpine house, but that protection does not seem to hasten their flowering, as compared with plants growing in the open. But then, of course, a well-ordered Alpine house, with its fierce ventilation, is far from affording a feather-bed existence to its inmates. What it does give the early flowerers, such as the Kabschia saxifrages, is protection from snow and sleet, rain and hail, so that their blossoms can open in the most perfect unblemished condition. It is astonishing, however, how well these same flowers, developing in the open air, stand up to all the drenchings and buffetings of March.

There are two pan-grown specimens of *S. burseriana* "Gloria" in my son's Alpine house. Each is about a foot across, and each is so densely packed with blossoms that it would be far too great a bore

THE KABSCHIAS.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

to attempt to count them. But looked at from immediately above, the flowers, with their petals often overlapping one another, almost entirely hide the cushion of foliage below. Guesses as to the size of flowers and the height of plants are often so hopelessly astray that I have just measured *S. b.* "Gloria." The flowers are well over an inch in diameter. A florin will not quite cover one, and their juicy-looking red stems are 2½ ins. high.

There are to-day a great many Kabschia saxifrages to choose from, both species and hybrids, with white, pink or yellow flowers. By far the best way to make a selection is, of course, to see them flowering at a show, at a nursery, or in a friend's garden. If, on the other hand, you enjoy a mild gamble or, at any

rounded blossoms of perfect form are a soft, pure, rich yellow. *S. "Queen Mother"* has large, shell-pink flowers of outstanding charm and beauty. *S. "Cranbourne"* is another pink, dwarf in habit, but a good grower and free flowering. *S. erythrantha* is an altogether larger thing than any of these others, with handsome heads of snow-white flowers which flush to pale pink as they age. *S. "Riverslea"* is distinct from all other Kabschias that I have ever seen, with its heads of smallish, reddish-purple flowers on 2-in. stems. It is a most unusual colour, and most effective and attractive.

Saxifraga tombeanensis and *S. diapensioides* are two choice, rare, rather slow-growing, white-flowered species of very great charm and distinction. They flower a little later than the general run of Kabschias. For the beginner I recommend *S. apiculata* and *S. apiculata alba*, with heads of primrose-yellow and snow-white flowers respectively. I recommend them to beginners because they are good, easy, hearty growers, soon spreading into fine emerald cushions, and putting up a splendid show of blossom with the utmost good nature and regularity. But do not imagine that they are mere common trash, good enough to flatter ignorant beginners, but beneath the notice of advanced gardeners and superior persons. They are plants of real worth and beauty. Any gardener who feels superior to *S. apiculata* is no gardener at all. A mere vegetable snob.

There are three principal ways of cultivating the Kabschia saxifrages. You can grow them as specimens in pans and pots in the Alpine house; you can have them in stone trough and sink rock-gardens; or you can grow them on the main open-air rock-garden.

Cultivation in the Alpine house is a fascinating branch of rather specialised gardening, and is especially suitable for the early-flowering Alpines such as the Kabschias. All that is needed is an airy, well-ventilated, unheated greenhouse, a fair amount of time, and plenty of application. One advantage of pan and pot-grown specimens in the Alpine house is that the flowers open in early spring in unblemished perfection, and many of them most beautiful for bringing into the house, there to be enjoyed for a short time and then hurried back to coolness and fresh air. They do not suffer from a short stay in the house, but they are not slow to show their distaste for too much domestic bliss.

In well-made miniature rock-gardens in stone troughs and sinks the Kabschias do exceptionally well, and they need much less detailed attention and meticulous watering than when grown in the Alpine house. I know one such sink garden in which some half-dozen pink, white and yellow Kabschia saxifrages are flowering at this moment, and apparently supremely indifferent to the horrors of March. That little garden

was planted over twenty years ago, and the Kabschias have grown into one continuous, undulating nubbly lawn, half-hidden just now with myriads of sulphur, shell-pink and white blossoms. Apart from weeding, an occasional top-dressing, and watering in summer, it has no special attention at all.

If Kabschia saxifrages are to be grown in the ordinary rock-garden, it is best, I think, to keep them all together, either on a specially constructed scree, or planted in medium-width running crevices among the larger rocks. It is important that they should not be overrun by roving campanulas and other such intruders and busybodies. Suitable rocky surrounds will give them a nice sense of security, and form an ideal setting for these choice, small, jewel-like plants.



OF ALL THE FORMS OF THIS SPECIES, "*SAXIFRAGA BURSERIANA* 'GLORIA' IS BY FAR THE FINEST AND MOST BEAUTIFUL." AND OF A PAN OF THIS VARIETY, MR. ELLIOTT SAYS, AFTER CAREFUL MEASUREMENT, "THE FLOWERS ARE WELL OVER AN INCH IN DIAMETER. A FLORIN WILL NOT QUITE COVER ONE, AND THEIR JUICY-LOOKING RED STEMS ARE 2½ INS. HIGH." THE ILLUSTRATION IS FROM A PENCIL DRAWING OF "GLORIA" BY PROFESSOR EDWARD ROWORTH, NOW IN MR. ELLIOTT'S POSSESSION.

rate, do not mind one, you can make your choice from nursery catalogue descriptions. Among my outstanding favourites, which are flowering in the Alpine house here now, are *Saxifraga* "Faldonside," *S. "Queen Mother," S. "Cranbourne," S. erythrantha* and *S. "Riverslea."* *S. "Faldonside"* is a hybrid of very long standing, and is to my mind the most beautiful of all the yellow Kabschias. A slow grower, its

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AS DEAR TO THE MADRILEÑOS AS EROS TO LONDONERS: THE CERVANTES MEMORIAL IN THE PLAZA DE ESPAÑA, OF WHICH THE STATUES OF DON QUIXOTE AND SANCHE PANZA FORM A PROMINENT PART.

Cervantes (1547-1616), the great Spanish writer who created the world-famous characters, the ludicrous but endearing, romantic Don Quixote, and his squire, the matter-of-fact Sancho Panza, is fitly honoured in Madrid, the capital of his country. The great memorial to him stands in the Plaza de España, near the Royal Palace, and our Special Artist, Bryan de Grineau, who has been on a sketching tour in Spain, notes that it is as dear to the Madrileños as our own Eros

is to Londoners. The statues of the Don mounted on his charger, *Rosinante*, with the rotund Sancho Panza beside him, form an important part of the memorial, and they keep chivalrous watch over the romantic couples who stroll round the base of the statue. The tall, lean Quixote holds a lance, and the monument rises behind him, while in the background towers the highest building in Madrid, which houses, among other things, the Hotel Plaza and its private swimming-pool.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, BRYAN DE GRINEAU.



THE FOUR O'CLOCK RUSH-HOUR IN MADRID—CROWDS RETURNING TO WORK, NOT, AS IN LONDON, THINKING OF GOING HOME SOON: THE CALLE DE ALCALÁ AT ITS JUNCTION WITH THE PASEO DEL PRADO.

This lively drawing by Bryan de Grineau, who has been on a sketching tour of Spain, shows a well-known quarter of modern Madrid, a section of the Calle de Alcalá at its junction with the Paseo del Prado. The intersection with the Gran Vía is on the right of the domed building in the centre. The huge building in the right background is one of the landmarks of the city, and is known as the *Telefónica*.

while the Castellana Gardens are on the right, the Bank of Spain on the left, and the well-known Cybele Fountain is in the foreground, with the Mother of the Gods in her chariot drawn by lions. The time is 4 p.m., the rush-hour in Madrid, when the streets are crowded with pedestrians and vehicles, but all the world is on the move back to work, not, as in London at that hour, beginning to think the day's toil is

moving to its close. The Spanish custom of a siesta after a late lunch means that work stops until mid-afternoon and continues into the late evening. It is really only during the last few years that Madrid, created the capital of Spain by Philip II. in 1561, has taken its place in fact as well as in name. The Franco régime has forced it to "grow up" and become the intellectual as well as the administrative

heart of the nation, thus completing the idea originally conceived by Philip II. Although in recent years Madrid suffered greatly in the Civil War, whole districts being reduced to rubble, building has gone on apace since peace was restored, and huge blocks of apartment houses, a complete new University city and other edifices are springing up everywhere, owing to the energetic action of the authorities.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, BRYAN DE GRINEAU.



ONE MADRILEÑO WATCHING OTHERS AT WORK: A SCENE IN THE RETIRO PARK, MADRID, DURING THE DRAINING AND CLEARING OF THE ORNAMENTAL WATER IN THE WINTER SEASON. THE GOLDFISH WHICH INHABIT THE POND ARE BEING TRANSFERRED INTO BUCKETS OF WATER.



TYPICAL OF OLD MADRID: THE PLAZA MAJOR, JUST OFF THE PUERTO DEL SOL, WHICH HAS REMAINED PRACTICALLY UNALTERED SINCE THE DAYS WHEN PHILIP IV. WATCHED FROM A BALCONY HIS COURTIER'S ACTING AS BULLFIGHTERS; AND WHERE, LATER, CHARLES II. SAW THE "AUTOS DA FE."

MODERN AND HISTORIC MADRID: REMOVING GOLDFISH FROM A PARK POND; AND WHERE HERETICS ONCE BURNED.

El Retiro, Madrid's beautiful park, a pleasure ground of 353 acres, with shady walks, alleys, ponds, fountains and statuary, was laid out by the Conde-Duque de Olivares, the favourite of Philip IV., and celebrated in 1631 in a poem by Lope de Vega. Bryan de Grineau's drawing shows men collecting the goldfish which inhabit the ornamental water and throwing them into buckets of water pending the cleaning out of the lake, while a stately Madrileño, wrapped in a huge cloak and smoking a cigar, watches the operation. The Plaza Major, just off the Puerto del Sol, built at the opening of the seventeenth century, has

altered little since Philip IV. watched from a balcony there his courtiers acting as bullfighters, and from the same vantage-point Charles II. saw heretics burned at the stake after being handed over "to the secular arm" by the Inquisition. The fine equestrian statue in the centre (modelled by Giovanni di Bologna after a painting by Pantoja de la Cruz and cast at Florence by Pietro Tacca in 1613) represents Philip III.; and the arcades now house shops, and restaurants, while roast-chestnut sellers, with their charcoal braziers, also occupy pitches in the shade beneath the arches.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, BRYAN DE GRINEAU.

THE ART OF THE PRESS PHOTOGRAPHER:
A SELECTION FROM A RECENT LONDON SHOW.



"QUAKE ISLAND"; BY F. W. REED, OF THE "DAILY MIRROR," ONE OF A SERIES OF THE IONIAN ISLANDS DISASTER, FROM THE SECOND WINNING PORTFOLIO, PRESS PICTURES SHOW.



"HAPPY HUNDREDTH BIRTHDAY IN QUADRUPLICATE"; BY EDWARD BROOKS, OF P.A.-REUTER PHOTOS, WINNER OF THE FIRST PRIZE IN THE FEATURE CATEGORY.



"WHICH WAY DID IT GO?"; BY HENRY MILLAR, A FREE-LANCE PHOTOGRAPHER, AN AMUSING ACTION SPORTS PHOTOGRAPH SHOWN IN THE BRITISH PRESS PICTURES DISPLAY.



"FRED HARD AT IT"; BY HENRY A. HOW, OF THE "DAILY MIRROR." A PORTRAIT OF AN UNUSUAL GARDENER'S ASSISTANT, EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.



"IT CAME DOWN IN BUCKETS"; BY LESLIE SANSOM, A.R.P.S., A REMARKABLE RECORDING OF THE EFFECT OF WATER BEING THROWN OUT OF A RECEPTACLE.

THE Exhibition of British Press Pictures of the Year, which was due to close on March 25, was the sixth of a series of annual exhibitions held in conjunction with the British Press Pictures of the Year Competition sponsored by the Institute of British Photographers and the "Encyclopædia Britannica" Book of the Year, held at the Royal Exchange by kind permission of the Gresham Committee. Our selection of photographs includes the 1st Feature Award winner, and one from a series recording the Ionian Islands earthquake disaster of last year, included in the Second Winning Portfolio; as well as three pictures which, though not awarded prizes, indicate by their high quality and amusing subjects the level of excellence attained by the camera pictures on view.

THE LARGEST SINGLE-PIECE IVORY CARVING TO BE FOUND IN THE NEAR EAST:

RICHLY-CARVED PANELS FROM THE BED OF THE KING OF UGARIT, 3300 YEARS AGO.

By PROFESSOR CLAUDE F. A. SCHAEFFER, M.A., D.Litt., Member of the Institute, Director at the National Centre of Scientific Research, Paris, and Field Director of the French Expedition to Ras Shamra.

This is the first of two articles by Professor Schaeffer on his post-war excavations at Ras Shamra, in Syria. A second article will be published in a later issue.

I WONDER if there is another example of reports of archaeological discoveries from a single site over as many years as my own articles to *The Illustrated London News* about the Ras Shamra excavations in Northern Syria. My first account was in Nov. 2, 1929, and was headlined: "A new page opened in Ancient History: Sensational discoveries in Northern Syria: An Unknown Language: Royal Archives, Tombs and Art Treasures of the Thirteenth and Fourteenth Centuries, B.C."; and the illustrations to it included the finest Mycenaean ivory of a goddess of fertility in Cretan dress (which is still unrivalled), gold-encrusted bronze statuettes showing Egyptian and Syrian gods, cuneiform tablets revealing a previously unknown script which was, in fact, the oldest alphabetic writing known.

From that beginning, every year *The Illustrated London News* informed its readers of the progress of our discoveries; showing them, in 1931, bilingual tablets, cuneiform dictionaries, votive *stelae* dedicated to the Baal of the north and to a curiously horned local divinity; in 1931, a wine-cellar buried for 3000 years, and other rich finds from the port quarter of the town at Minet el Beida; in 1932, more cuneiform tablets of revolutionary importance in the study of the Old Testament; in 1933, strange, barbaric-looking silver figures of a pair of divinities, then ascribed to the thirteenth century B.C., but since found to be 500 years earlier, and in the same issue fine polychrome porcelain cups, with female masks of Mycenaean inspiration, as well as a beautiful *stèle* of the powerful Baal hurling a spear-pointed thunderbolt, while the local king seeks protection at his feet. In 1934 a particularly rich find led to the publication of two colour-plates: a golden bowl and a patera with splendid repoussé reliefs and fine engraving, found hidden near the Baal temple. In the same issue I reported the identification of Ras Shamra, with the capital of the Northern Syrian kingdom of Ugarit, then known only through intriguing references in Egyptian, Babylonian and Hittite records of the middle of the Second Millennium. From 1935 to 1938, in yearly or twice-yearly articles, I reported finds from a temple dedicated to the god Dagan, gold and silver hoards from secret hiding-places, bronze weights in the forms of recumbent animals, and curious portrait heads, one of which was compared with a Pieter Brueghel type. At the same time, we were revealing the important Cretan commercial influence which made itself felt at Ugarit as far back as the Middle Minoan period, which was

followed during the fourteenth-fifteenth centuries B.C., by the establishment of a colony of Achaean merchants whose sumptuous funeral vaults, comparable with the tombs of Crete and Mycenae, were found under the floor-level of the rich Ras Shamra mansions. For the first time also the exploration of the prehistoric town levels (buried under 19 metres (62½ ft.) of later remains) was described, containing layers of painted pottery of the Jemdet Nasr, Al Obeid and Tell Halaf periods, as far back as the Fourth Millennium. Below these other strata were discovered, with primitive neolithic pottery and even earlier than the discovery of pottery, Ras Shamra being one of the oldest towns so far excavated in the Near East. Then, in 1939, with the threat of war already throwing its shadows over our work, we decided to transfer our digging from the east to the west side of the mighty tell of Ras Shamra in an attempt to find the palace of Ugarit and the historical, diplomatic and administrative archives of the kingdom which we could expect to find there. Two articles (published in December 1939 and January 1940), with reproductions of extremely rich finds, including copper statuettes, an entirely new kind of Syrian art, and the most ancient known iron



FIG. 2. THE WELL IN THE GREAT PAVED WESTERN COURTYARD OF THE PALACE OF THE KINGS OF UGARIT AT RAS SHAMRA. THOUGH DUG ABOUT 3300 YEARS AGO, IT IS STILL IN EXCELLENT ORDER AND PROVIDED AMPLE WATER FOR THE STAFF AND 300 WORKMEN OF THE EXPEDITION.

or steel battle-axe, with gold-encrusted socket, indicated that we were on the right track. Then came the break. As *Capitaine de Corvette* in the Fighting French Navy stationed in England, the author had the privilege of joining in the defence of freedom which Great Britain decided to pursue single-handed against apparently overwhelming odds. A year or so later, a last echo from Ras Shamra, then itself threatened by an impending German invasion in Syria, reached *The Illustrated London News*. This article, which appeared on June 14, 1941, was written at night in the library of the hospitable Athenæum Club, with German bombs falling all around, and it described how ancient Ugarit prepared itself against a sea-borne invasion. Walking down Oxford Street, between ruins still smouldering from the night's bombing, I took the manuscript to the office of *The Illustrated London News*, where an early member of the staff received me. On my departure, he calmly wished me good luck, whereas I was thinking that this brave fellow in the busy office surrounded by bombed buildings needed as much luck as myself to come safely through this war.

Never should I have believed that only twelve years later I should be resuming my reports to *The Illustrated London News*, which had continued publication without interruption through those tremendous years until, in 1945, final victory overthrew the enemy and liberated us all from military duty. I went back to France and my peacetime occupations. But by then the autonomous Government of Syria, on taking office, had closed the country to foreign archaeologists, pending the reorganisation of its administration. In 1947 I was authorised to repair or rebuild the camp of the expedition and to take protective measures at the Ras Shamra ruins, where foxes, jackals and a host of snakes and scorpions had taken up residence. During 1948 and 1949 the Syrian Government gave me permission to undertake some soundings and studies among the ruins of Ras Shamra in order to facilitate

the renewal of my publications. Then, in the autumn of 1950, a formal permit was delivered to me and the excavation could be resumed on its pre-war scale.



FIG. 1. PROFESSOR C. F. A. SCHAEFFER, THE AUTHOR OF THE ARTICLE ON THIS PAGE, WORKING IN HIS MOBILE OBSERVATION WAGON ON THE SITE OF THE RAS SHAMRA EXCAVATIONS.

The expedition owes its gratitude to the former President, M. Hashem Atassi (now restored to the Presidency), and to General Selo, the latter, together with General Shishakly (President until February 1954), paying an official visit to the excavations in November 1952.

Throughout its work the expedition was given effective support by the former Director-General of Antiquities, Emir Djaffar, and the present Director-General, Dr. Selim Abdul Hak, to whose activity and organisation the resumption and great development of archaeological research in Syria since 1950 are due. The scientific and technical staff of the expedition included MM. Forrer, Pironin, Kuss, Sarrade and Courtois. Mrs. Schaeffer was again at my side to organise all the material problems of our undertakings and travels. Working, as before the war, under the auspices of the Académie des Inscriptions at Paris, the expedition was supported by the National Centre of Scientific Research and the Commission des Fouilles et Missions Archéologiques at the Direction of Cultural Relations.

We have continued our excavations at the point where we had to interrupt them in autumn 1939. The north-west corner of an important building of fine ashlar masonry had then made its appearance in our last trench. Among the isolated cuneiform tablets collected here, one was addressed to Hammourabi, King of Ugarit, and this confirmed our hope that we had at last found the palace. But then we had as yet no idea of its size and wealth, which had, indeed, led Rib-Addi, prince of Byblos, writing in a letter to Amenophis IV. (letter 69 of the Archives found at Tell Amarna, published by Knudtzon), to inform his Royal patron of the exceptional sumptuousness of the Ugarit palace. After four seasons of [Continued opposite.



FIG. 3. A VENTILATION SYSTEM OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY B.C.: TRIANGULAR AIR VENTS, WITH FITTING STOPPERS OF STONE, IN THE WALLS OF THE ROYAL PALACE OF UGARIT.



FIG. 4. EXCAVATING THE SOUTHERN ARCHIVES ROOM OF THE ROYAL PALACE OF UGARIT. IN THE BACKGROUND CAN BE SEEN PROFESSOR SCHAEFFER'S MOBILE OBSERVATION WAGON. (SEE ALSO FIG. 1.)

IVORY PANELS FROM THE ROYAL BED OF UGARIT: A UNIQUE DISCOVERY.

Continued.
excavations, at the end of 1953, we have uncovered only part of the mighty building; and already sixty-seven rooms and halls, five vast courtyards, eleven staircases leading to the upper floor, and seven entrances with porticos, each supported by two columns, can be seen. So far, the building extends over more than 10,000 square metres (about 12,000 square yards), but its eastern and southern limits have not yet been reached. [At this point in his original article, Professor Schaeffer discussed the quantity of tablets and inscriptions found in this section; and this part of his article will be published, with full illustration, in a later issue. The article continues:] During our 1952 and 1953 seasons of excavations in the eastern wing of the palace we found under a heavy layer of collapsed walls and charred debris, part of the palace furniture, taken from official and private rooms and apparently thrown in a heap in the corner of a spacious courtyard, in an attempt, perhaps, to save them during an emergency. Among them was a bedstead (Figs. 5-9, 11, 13), the foot panel of which contained the largest single piece of ivory carving hitherto found in the Near East, more than a metre (3 ft. 3½ ins.) wide and about 50 cm. (1 ft. 7½ ins.) high. It is divided into sixteen panels, beautifully carved, depicting the private and official life of the King. On one side is the great winged goddess (Fig. 6) with, on either flank, the King and his young and charming Queen (Fig. 8), surrounded by Court officials; and on the opposite side the King, as the victorious leader of his army, overthrowing his

[Continued below, right.]



FIG. 5. ONE OF THE UNIQUE IVORY PANELS FROM THE BEDSTEAD FOUND IN THE PALACE OF UGARIT: THE KING SLAYING AN ENEMY CHIEFTAIN. (23.3 by 12 cm.: 9½ by 4½ ins.)



FIG. 6. THE CENTRAL PANEL OF THE BEDSTEAD: THE WINGED AND HORNED GODDESS, THE PROTECTIVE DEITY, WITH TWO ROYAL SUCKLINGS. (22.9 by 11.4 cm.: 9 by 4½ ins.)



FIG. 7. THE QUEEN MAKING OFFERINGS. HALF OF THE SERIES OF PANELS SHOWS COURTLY AND DOMESTIC LIFE, THE OTHER HALF, WARLIKE SUBJECTS. (23.3 by 9.5 cm.: 9½ by 3½ ins.)



FIG. 8. THE KING AND THE QUEEN OF UGARIT EMBRACING. THESE IVORY BED PANELS CONSTITUTE THE LARGEST SINGLE PIECE OF IVORY CARVING FROM THE NEAR EAST. (23.3 by 10.6 cm.: 9½ by 4½ ins.)

Continued.
enemies (Fig. 5) and as the keen huntsman of big game, killing lions. Not far from the ivory panel we found an ivory table (Fig. 14). The round top of this is more than a metre (3 ft. 3½ ins.) in diameter, and it is delightfully carved with three registers of mythological scenes showing griffins, winged lions and winged bulls guarding the sacred tree symbol. The top was supported by an ivory capital crowning the central foot, which rested on three lion feet, also carved in ivory. Some more ivory furniture has still to be excavated, and M. Forrer of the expedition staff and M. Hafez, Chief of the Laboratory of the Damascus Museum, have already spent several months in saving and reassembling the several thousands of fragments into which the fragile ivories were broken by the collapse of the walls. At a certain distance from these pieces of furniture was found a trumpet exquisitely carved out of an elephant's tusk (Fig. 10), more than 60 cm. (about 2 ft.) in length. A naked goddess in high relief, guarded by two winged sphinxes, is the main theme of the decoration of the instrument. This ivory trumpet of the fourteenth century B.C. is the oldest known forerunner of our mediæval oliphant, or huntsman's ivory trumpet. Immediately to the east of the palace, we have begun to excavate a quarter of rich and spacious private houses. One of them contained several texts written in Ugaritic (alphabetic script), in Babylonian cuneiform, and one text in Cypro-Minoan Linear B script. This is the first example of that hitherto undeciphered script found outside Crete, Mycenæ and Cyprus.

[Continued overleaf.]

THE OLDEST IVORY TRUMPET, THE ROYAL BED, AND AN IVORY TABLE.

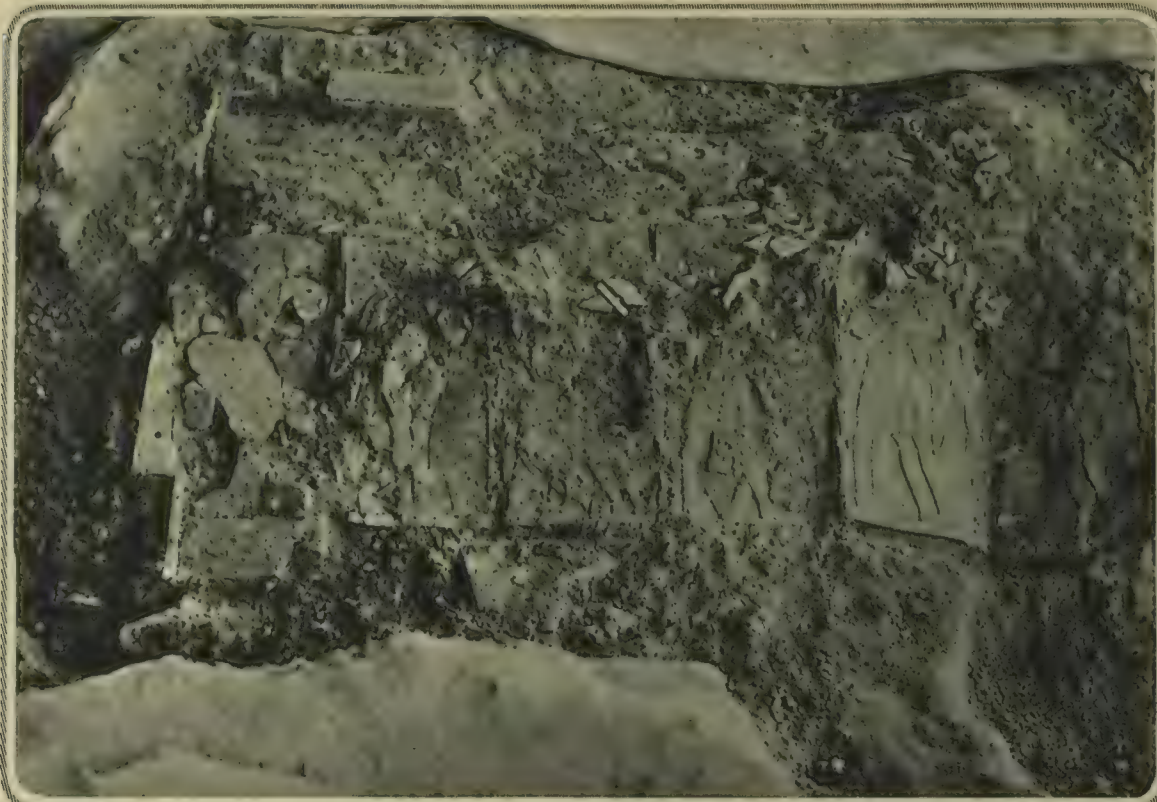


FIG. 9. THE LEFT AND CENTRAL PART OF THE IVORY PANELS OF THE BEDSTEAD *IN SITU*, AMONG WHICH CAN BE DISTINGUISHED THE KING SLAYING AN ENEMY (FIG. 5) AND (EXTREME LEFT) A SACRED TREE SYMBOL.



FIG. 10. CARVED FROM AN ELEPHANT'S TUSK: AN IVORY TRUMPET (2 ft. long), WITH A NAKED GODDESS IN HIGH RELIEF.



FIG. 11. THE BACK OF THE LOWER PANELS OF THE IVORY BEDSTEAD SEEN *IN SITU*, WITH THE KNIVES AND BRUSHES, USED IN CLEARING, LEFT AS AN INDICATION OF THE SCALE OF THIS FIND.



FIG. 12. ONE OF THE BEDSTEDS FROM THE TOMB OF TUTANKHAMUN, FROM THE CAIRO MUSEUM COLLECTION: TO SHOW HOW THE FOOT PANEL OF THE UGARIT BEDSTEAD WAS FIXED.

Continued.

and which, it is hoped, will shortly reveal its secrets, following the system proposed by Mr. Ventris and Mr. Chadwick. In the neighbouring house another important discovery was made in 1953. Among a deposit of bronze armour was a beautifully preserved sword, 75 cm. (2 ft. 5½ ins.) long, of an undoubtedly European type. Near the hilt is engraved the name of the Egyptian Pharaoh Mineptah (1219-1210 or 1199-1191 B.C.) in hieroglyphs, the last of the powerful kings of the Nineteenth Dynasty who overthrew the invasion of the Sea People in a famous sea and land battle near the frontier of the Delta. His fame had thus reached Ugarit and inspired its soldiers during that final phase of the Bronze Age, when the great Oriental Powers were threatened by a series of invasions into the Levant from the north, and finally collapsed at the beginning of the twelfth century B.C.

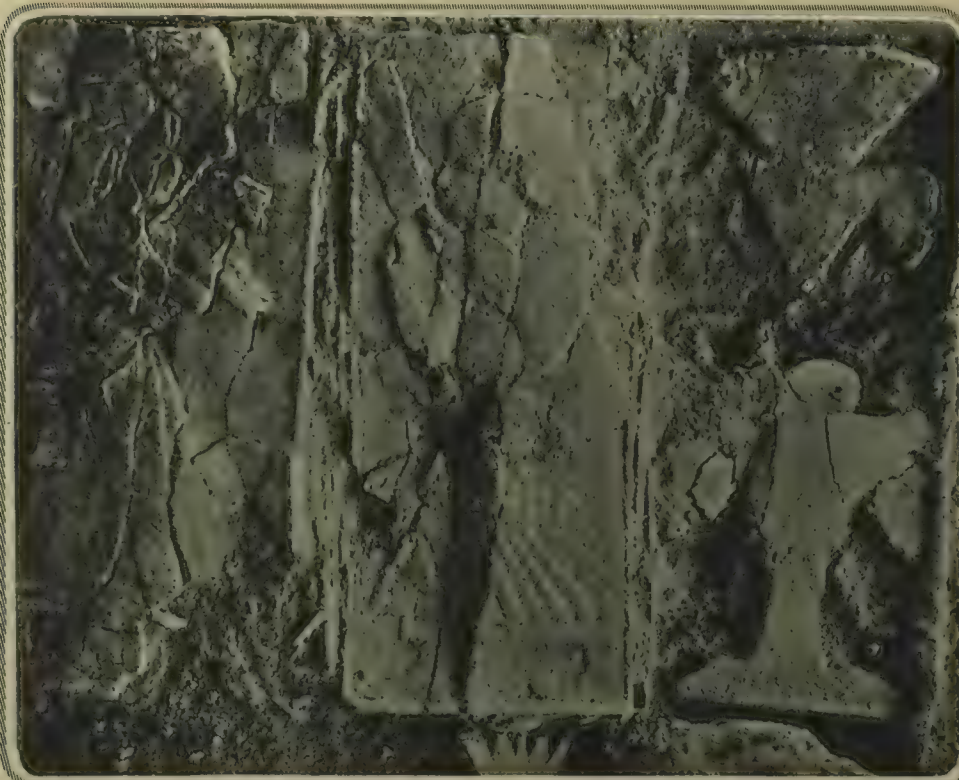


FIG. 13. PART OF THE FOOT PANEL *IN SITU*, SHOWING (FROM LEFT TO RIGHT) A ROYAL GAMEKEEPER CARRYING A LION CUB, A COURT OFFICIAL, AND A SACRED TREE SYMBOL.



FIG. 14. PART OF THE IVORY TABLE *IN SITU*, SHOWING THE REVERSE OF SOME OF THE FIGURES. IT STILL AWAITS ASSEMBLY AND RESTORATION.

THE WORLD OF ART AND LETTERS:
A FAMOUS SOCIETY'S BADGE, AND
PAINTINGS IN THE NEWS.



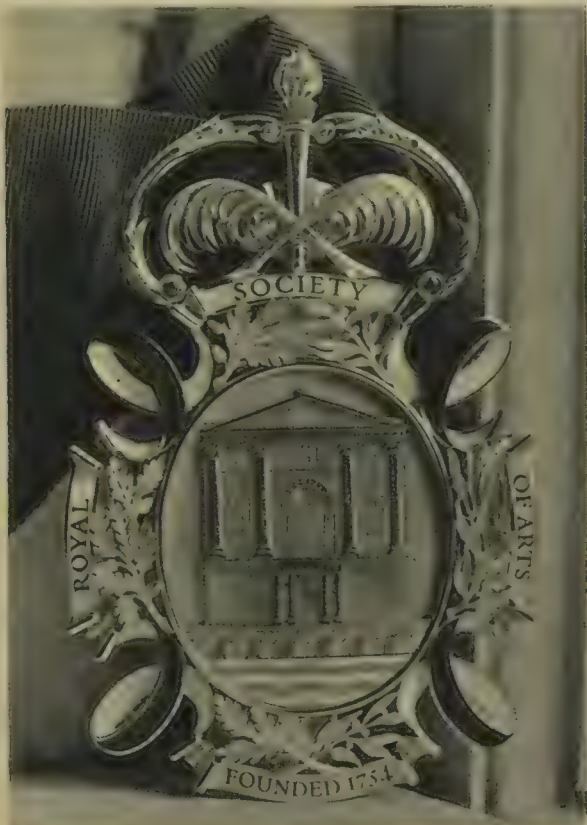
A BEAUTIFUL WORK FOR WHOSE PURCHASE THE NATIONAL GALLERY HAS BEEN NEGOTIATING: "THE MORNING WALK"; BY THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH, R.A. (1727-1787), WHICH HAS RECENTLY BEEN ON VIEW AT BIRMINGHAM. It is hoped that "The Morning Walk," by Gainsborough, will shortly be added to the national collections. Negotiations between the owner, Lord Rothschild, and the National Gallery for its purchase opened recently; and the painting was removed from Birmingham Art Gallery, where it has been on view, to the National Gallery for cleaning. It is understood that the Treasury is willing to supply £10,000 towards the purchase price out of next year's grant-in-aid; and the National Art-Collections Fund £5000.



BOUGHT BY THE BIRMINGHAM ART GALLERY FOR £3000, WITH THE HELP OF £1000 FROM THE NATIONAL ART-COLLECTIONS FUND: "THE ROFFEY FAMILY"; BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, P.R.A. "The Roffey Family," by Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A. (1723-1792), which has been on view in the Birmingham Art Gallery since 1946, has now been acquired by that institution for £3000, with the help of £1000 from the National Art-Collections Fund, the negotiations being conducted by Messrs. Spink and Son. The painting, a fine work of Reynolds' middle period, painted c. 1765, belonged to the late Major W. S. Gosling, whose grandfather purchased it.



"THE PRINT COLLECTOR"; BY HONORÉ DAUMIER (1808-1879), ONE OF TWO IMPORTANT WORKS BY THIS ARTIST RECENTLY PURCHASED BY THE PHILADELPHIA MUSEUM OF ART. "The Print Collector" and "Le Malade Imaginaire" have been bought from the Esnault-Pelterie collection by the Philadelphia Museum of Art. The former was purchased by the Commissioners of



THE NEW CHAIRMAN'S BADGE OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF ARTS, WHICH IS HOLDING ITS BICENTENARY CELEBRATIONS THIS WEEK: THE EARL OF RADNOR, CHAIRMAN OF THE COUNCIL, WAS INVESTED WITH IT ON MARCH 17.

To mark the bicentenary of the Royal Society of Arts (which is dealt with on other pages), Mr. J. A. Milne, a former Chairman of Council, presented a Chairman's Badge of Office, with which Lord Radnor was invested on March 17. Designed by Professor R. Y. Goodden, it was carried out in different-coloured 18-ct. golds, by Padgett and Braham. It shows the façade of the Society's Adam-built house, over a symbolic representation of the Thames. Much of the background is of rose-pink opal enamel.



"LE MALADE IMAGINAIRE"; BY HONORÉ DAUMIER (1808-1879), ONE OF THE TWO WORKS BY THIS ARTIST RECENTLY ACQUIRED BY THE PHILADELPHIA MUSEUM OF ART. Fairmount Park from the restricted Wiltach Fund income; the latter by the Museum itself with funds bequeathed by Lisa Norris Elkins; and contributions from a group of generous donors.



THE latest Skira publication, sumptuous and beautiful as ever, is from the pen of Professor André Grabar, and deals with Byzantine Painting; that is, with the art that flourished with Constantinople as its centre from the year A.D. 330, when Constantine made the city his capital, until its capture by the Turks in 1453. The fact that the term "painting" is held to include work in mosaic will be accepted without difficulty by the average reader, first because he requires no great imagination to think of an artist as using coloured stones instead of a brush, and secondly because if the great mosaics of St. Sophia, of Ravenna, of Sicily and of Venice, were omitted, there would emerge an extremely thin book. Those of us, and that means the vast majority of us, who have never been fortunate enough to visit Ravenna, still less Constantinople, did have an opportunity a year or so ago—and it was an unforgettable experience to one man at least—of seeing admirable copies of the Ravenna mosaics in an Arts Council Exhibition, so that we can turn over the illustrations here without having to adjust ourselves to a mode of expression which was largely unfamiliar and often distasteful to our grandfathers. What we realised, too, on that occasion, which not even the marvellous colour-work in this volume can quite convey, was the fact that these great mosaics were not flat surfaces, but rough, so that light was reflected from a myriad small stones, and consequently that the whole picture sparkled with a jewel-like splendour which changed subtly according to the intensity of the light and the position of the spectator.

If the world of yesterday began to enjoy Byzantine Art, it had to thank Professor Talbot Rice and the late Robert Byron. We are now in debt to Professor Grabar. None the less, I doubt whether the devotion of these and other eminent lovers of a period lasting a thousand years in which ancient forms became crystallised into hieratic solemnity, will ever quite succeed in weaning Western Europe from its admiration for Italian painters, for in them is to be found the questing spirit of man reaching upwards to the light, whereas—or so it seems to me—the art of Byzantium is concerned with the rigid, heartless dogmas imposed upon a multitude of slaves by a despotic system of State and Church. "Sometimes," says the author, "the result is sublime—occasionally grotesque"—never, I suggest, is there love of God or man.



"STUDY FOR THE 'Differentes Vues de . . . Pesto'"; BY GIOVANNI BATTISTA PIRANESI (1720-1778). (Pen and brown ink and brown and India ink washes over black chalk. 19½ by 27 ins.) (Sir John Soane Museum.)

"This is a study for the 'Vue des restes du derrière du pronaos du Temple de Neptune . . . of the 'Differentes vues de Quelques restes de Trois Grands Edifices qui subsistent encore dans le milieu de l'ancienne Ville de Pesto . . . of 1777-8. The Soane Museum possesses fifteen drawings for this series. Mr. John Summerson has informed me (John Hylton Thomas) that Sir John Soane owned the drawings by 1819, when he used them to illustrate his lectures and has suggested that the Adam sale of 1818 might be a likely provenance."

Illustrations by courtesy of the Publishers of "The Drawings of Giovanni Battista Piranesi" and "Byzantine Painting," the books reviewed on this page.

"Byzantine painting of the best period (tenth to twelfth century) owes much to its preoccupation with balanced

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. BYZANTIUM AND ROME.*

By FRANK DAVIS.

rhythm; this imparts to it a grave and noble (if a shade monotonous) quality, and a quasi-monumental aspect to even the smallest works. . . . But the over-all arrangement of Byzantine paintings, and indeed all Byzantine art, owes as much, if not more, to the artists' concern for color; indeed it is in this field that the originality of the Byzantines *vis-à-vis* classical tradition strikes us most"—and how true this is becomes clear with every colour-plate in the book, with the gold, the blues, the yellows, the reds, the greens, the warm tones of purple. Nevertheless, the rich robes of Emperors and saints, the stern face of Christ, the folds of the Virgin's robe, the elongated bodies, all add up to a solemn bejewelled splendour which leaves us awestruck but cold, longing for a Venetian or a Florentine hand to impart to these dehumanised figures the warm breath of life upon this earth. Needless to add that the 105 magnificent plates are accompanied by a lucid exposition of their place in the whole vast panorama of these thousand years. An exciting map shows the 6000-mile journey undertaken by the photographers whose work made the volume possible.

With the second book under review we are nearer warm humanity, though, even so, its contents may appear a trifle remote to many whose appetite has been fully sated by Miss Macaulay's recent delightful musings upon the subject of ruins. Mr. Hylton Thomas has gathered together the drawings of Giovanni Battista Piranesi (1720-1778), and has published them with an admirable introduction. Everyone presumably is familiar with the series of etchings known as the Prisons. A generation ago, I am informed, they were eagerly sought after by collectors, and since then have fallen from favour for no apparent reason, for these and his Roman antiquities and many others of a like character, are noble prints in every sense of the word. Of his drawings, including some figure drawings which used to appear in the market as by Guardi, about 600 are known, and eighty of them are reproduced by Mr. Hylton Thomas. That the drawings, as distinct from the prints, do not seem

to have attracted much attention until recent years is odd, for, as the author remarks: "With the exception of the earliest, they reveal clearly the qualities which have aroused present-day interest on the part of collectors and connoisseurs—inventiveness in subject; freshness, brilliance and colour; dynamic energy. In them can be felt, often more vividly than in his prints, the impact of one of the most unusual and provocative among eighteenth-century artists." To this I can bear witness from my own limited experience, because I have a vivid memory of the pleasure I once experienced in seeing for the first time the "Fantastic Palace" reproduced on this page.

Piranesi has an extraordinary gift of giving to his architectural dreams a coherence which belongs to reality; you know his fancies are impossible, and yet are compelled to believe in them. Himself an incurable romantic (at least in these imaginative inventions), he appeals insistently to the romantic in all of us and we respond willy-nilly. I suppose that

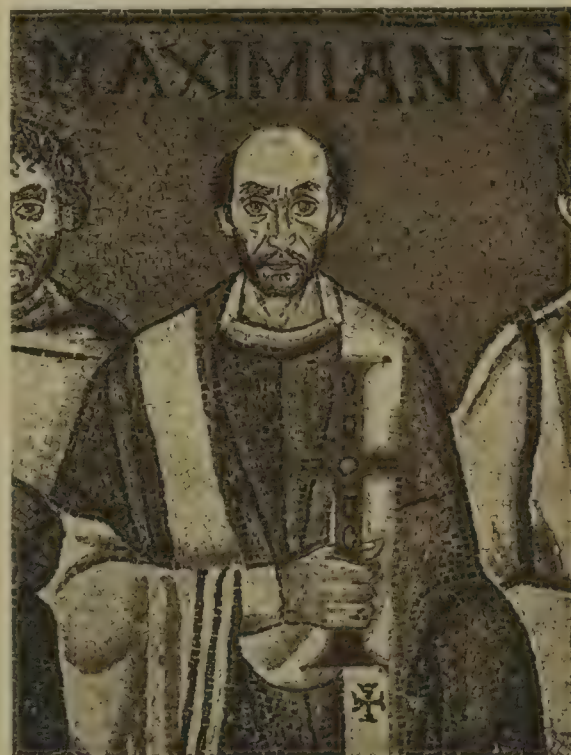
in a man less sure of himself, less disciplined by the rigours of common sense, such a talent could easily degenerate into silly sentimentality, but his mind is as sound as his pen is sure. Never was a dreamer so logical in his dreams; never one so little haunted by nightmares. I quote again: ". . . huge blocks of stone build up the permanent walls of a structure that has no style other than its author's. . . . It is Piranesi's personal creation, and its air of reality is thoroughly convincing, although at the same time it

reveals plainly that it has never been built, and perhaps never could be. In still other drawings . . . extravagant fancies drawn from the most disparate sources mingle in a riotous medley." All this, taken by itself, would seem to imply a character not quite able to cope with the everyday world. The truth is that we are considering, not a flamboyant eccentric, but an earnest and industrious Venetian who fell in love with Rome and the splendour of the city's classical past, and devoted his life mainly to celebrating its grandeur. The time was opportune for—again quoting: "As the



"FANTASTIC PALACE"; BY GIOVANNI BATTISTA PIRANESI (1720-1778). (Pen and brown ink over wash over red chalk. Pale blue water-colour in sky at upper right. 14½ by 24½ ins.) (Mrs. F. L. Evans.) "Piranesi's idiosyncratic handling of ancient elements, seen in the insertion of Roman funerary bust-portraits between groups of triglyphs of the lower entablature, for instance, is fascinating here. . . . The water-colour is probably original. I have encountered its use in this manner elsewhere in roughly contemporary architectural designs, notably in some drawings within the Bibiena circle."

eighteenth century unrolled. . . . The excavation, restoration and, it must be admitted, forging of Roman antiquities became one of the leading industries of the city. It was the Mecca for the purchase of 'antiques' during the century, and wealthy and cultivated personages from the rest of civilised Europe either visited it in person, to acquire for themselves the best possible examples of ancient art, or had agents there for that purpose. On a more scholarly



ARCHBISHOP MAXIMIAN: DETAIL OF THE MOSAIC OF THE EMPEROR JUSTINIAN AND HIS RETINUE IN THE CHOIR OF SAN VITALE, RAVENNA; BEFORE 574 A.D.

The two panels showing Justinian and Theodora with their retinues in the choir of San Vitale, Ravenna, "are world-famous and rightly so. . . . Indeed, no other representation of the Christian theocracy as embodied in Justinian, consecrated emperor of the Roman world, can vie with this." Archbishop Maximian stands on the Emperor's left hand holding a golden jewel-studded cross in his right hand.

level historical and archaeological research in all branches of Roman art intensified, stimulated particularly by the discoveries at Herculaneum and Pompeii, where, from 1738, systematic excavations were in progress. Piranesi participated enthusiastically in both aspects of contemporary Roman culture, and helped, principally through his vast series of etchings of Roman ruins, to spread the fame of ancient Rome. . . . In short, had he lived to-day, he would have been a notable contributor to *The Illustrated London News*. I salute both him and his biographer.

* On this page Frank Davis reviews:

"The Great Centuries of Painting; Byzantine Painting." Historical and critical study by André Grabar. 105 reproductions in full colour. (Skira; distributed in Great Britain and the Dominions by A. Zwemmer, London; £7 7s.)

"The Drawings of Giovanni Battista Piranesi." By Hylton Thomas. 80 pages of Half-tone Illustrations. (Faber and Faber; 42s.)

PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



**IN LONDON ONCE AGAIN :
MR. ALI SOHEILY.**

Mr. Ali Soheily, who was Persian Ambassador in London when diplomatic relations were broken off with Persia in October 1952, returned to this country by air on March 12 to resume his duties as Ambassador. Mr. Soheily has been Prime Minister three times and was Minister here from 1937-38, and Ambassador 1950-52. He was received by Mr. Eden on March 17.



**GRAVELY ILL :
CROWN PRINCESS MÄRTHA.**

Crown Princess Märtha of Norway, who is gravely ill with a liver complaint, spent her silver wedding day, March 21, in hospital in Oslo. She was visited by her husband, Crown Prince Olav, her children and her mother. Among the gifts which she received was an antique silver bowl with a lid, from Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother.



**NEW C.-INC., U.S. NAVAL FORCES, EAST ATLANTIC AND MEDITERRANEAN :
VICE-ADMIRAL J. H. CASSADY (RIGHT).**

Vice-Admiral John H. Cassady, U.S.N., assumed command of U.S. Naval Forces, Eastern Atlantic and Mediterranean, at a brief ceremony held at the Command's London H.Q. on March 19. Vice-Admiral Cassady relieves Vice-Admiral Jerauld Wright, U.S.N. (left), who has been selected by the North Atlantic Council to be Supreme Allied Commander, Atlantic.



**IN THE ACADEMIE FRANÇAISE :
DUC DE LEVIS-MIREPOIX.**

The Duc de Levis-Mirepoix, the distinguished historian, recently elected to the seat in the Académie Française left vacant by the death of Charles Maurras in 1952, was officially installed on March 18. Tradition requires that the new member should speak in praise of his predecessor, and the Duc emphasized the qualities of Maurras as a writer and philosopher.



**BACK FROM KENYA :
MR. OLIVER LYTTETON.**

The Colonial Secretary, Mr. Oliver Lyttelton, returned to London on March 18 after having been nearly three weeks in Kenya. He said that he was well satisfied with the result of his mission and the reception of his plan for multi-racial government. He had noticed an improvement in countering Mau Mau terrorists, and co-operation between the military and civil powers was excellent.



**DIED ON MARCH 17 :
DR. EDWARD MORTIMER CROWTHER.**

Dr. E. M. Crowther, who was fifty-six, had been head of the Chemistry Department of Rothamsted Experimental Station since 1927 and Deputy Director since 1950. In 1951 and 1952 he was President of the British Society of Soil Science and of the Fertilizer Society, and was one of the editors of *The Journal of Agricultural Science*. He was a vivid and lucid lecturer and was active in many scientific societies.



AT THE PILGRIMS' DINNER HELD IN THEIR HONOUR : SIR GLADWYN JEBB (LEFT) AND MR. DAG HAMMARSKJÖLD (CENTRE) WITH SIR CAMPBELL STUART.

Sir Gladwyn Jebb, Ambassador-designate to France and formerly U.K. Representative at the U.N., and Mr. Dag Hammarskjöld, Secretary-General of the U.N., attended a dinner in London on March 18 given in their honour by the Pilgrims' Society. At the dinner Sir Gladwyn said that the U.N. Security Council was at present useless as an instrument for dealing with any serious aggression.



**NEW PRESIDENT OF MINERS' UNION :
MR. W. ERNEST JONES.**

Mr. W. E. Jones has been elected to be President of the National Union of Mineworkers in succession to Sir William Lawther, who retires in May. Mr. A. Moffat, the Communist President of the Scottish area of the N.U.M., was the only other candidate nominated. Mr. Jones has been General Secretary of the Yorkshire area of the Union since 1939, and is one of the Union's representatives on the T.U.C. General Council.



ELECTED PRESIDENT OF CONSERVATIVE AND UNIONIST ASSOCIATIONS : MR. ANTHONY EDEN.

Mr. Anthony Eden, the Foreign Secretary, was elected President of the National Union of Conservative and Unionist Associations for 1954 in succession to Lord Salisbury. Mr. Eden is seen speaking on the occasion of his election on March 18 at Church House, Westminster, at the annual meeting of the National Union's Central Council.



SPEAKING AT KARACHI, PAKISTAN : KING FEISAL OF IRAQ.
King Feisal of Iraq arrived in Karachi on a State visit to Pakistan on March 12 and, in replying to an address of welcome, said: "We are confident that the future will be witness to closer relations between our two nations."



WITH PRESIDENT NEGUIB : THE KING OF SAUDI ARABIA (LEFT).
King Saud of Saudi Arabia, who arrived in Cairo on March 20 on a State visit, took the salute at a military parade of detachments of the Egyptian armed forces. Later he was presented with a decoration by President Neguib.



**BADMINTON CHAMPION : MISS J. DEVLIN (U.S.A. ;
RIGHT), WITH MISS I. L. COOLEY (G.B.).**

The Women's Singles of the All-England Badminton Championship, held at the Empress Hall on March 20, was won by Miss J. Devlin, U.S.A., who beat Miss I. L. Cooley by 11-7, 11-5. In the semi-final Miss Devlin beat the last surviving Danish competitor, Miss S. Jacobsen, 11-5, 11-3, and Miss Cooley beat Mrs. J. E. Robson, New Zealand, 11-2, 11-7.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

THE PROBLEM OF WOODPECKERS' DRUMMING.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

SINCE the third week in February we have heard a woodpecker drumming in the woods opposite the house. Each day, except when the wind has been keen, the bird has been sending out its signals and, incidentally, reminding me of a promise made some months ago. Then, a reader raised the question of how the drumming is made. He told how he had tried to imitate the sound, but found it impossible to manipulate a hammer, or anything serving the purpose of a hammer, with the rapidity needed to simulate a woodpecker's drumming. He doubted, therefore, if the sound could be caused by impact of the beak, because it is so rapid, and suggested that it must be produced in the throat. Since this raised the whole question of how exactly the drumming is caused, I asked his permission to deal with it on this page at the appropriate season.

We have in this country three woodpeckers: the green (or yaffle), the great spotted (or pied) and the

interpretation is generally accepted to-day, it is by no means fully proven. I have twice in thirty years seen the green woodpecker drumming, and have seen both the great spotted and the lesser spotted performing on many more occasions. On all these occasions, I have come across the bird by chance, have been able to watch it, sometimes at close range with binoculars and for a more or less lengthy period, yet not once could I swear that the beak was actually hitting the trunk or branch. This, I imagine, is everybody's experience, and the cause of the controversy. Incidentally, and the reason why I specially mention seeing this by chance, I have many times tried to repeat the observation by lying in wait for a woodpecker, but on these occasions, although I have heard the drumming repeatedly, the bird has always kept out of sight. This, again, is probably a common experience, and a further cause for the controversy.

In addition to the lack of actual observation of the beak hitting the tree, those who have favoured the theory that the drumming is purely vocal point to the rapidity of the sound as an argument against a purely muscular action. The drumming of the lesser spotted woodpecker is at the rate of 14 to 15 beats a second and lasts for about two seconds, although a slower rate of tapping may sometimes be heard. That of the great spotted is 8 to 10 beats a second, lasting for about a second. It so happened, and prior to receiving the letter already referred to, that I went out into the woods last spring to try to imitate the drumming. Choosing the very early morning so as to lessen the chance of being seen by human observers, I took a small hammer and tried tapping it on one tree after another, or on the boughs. Holding the haft at its extreme end, I found that the rate of tapping came, after a little practice, to approximate fairly closely to that of a woodpecker, but even with my best performance it was never perfect. We have to remember, however, that small muscles move more quickly than large muscles; and what is impossible using the muscles of the human hand and arm can still be possible with the muscles of a woodpecker's neck. It is of interest to recall that the lesser spotted, considerably smaller than the great spotted, normally drums at nearly double the pace.

The woodpecker has the advantage not only of smaller muscles but of experience—it is always using its head and beak as a hammer, or pick.

A great spotted carving a hole in my pergola for one of the wood-boring grubs, pecks away at quite a fair speed, which must be seen to be believed. The same bird excavating a nesting chamber in a dead trunk will fairly make the chips fly. A vibration of the head of 8 to 10, or even 14 to 15, per second is not difficult to credit, especially since there must be some assistance in the rebound from the wood.

More positive evidence has been obtained from woodpeckers in captivity in zoos, where different sounds were made by the same bird if it drummed on metal or on wood. In the wild, metallic sounds have been heard from a woodpecker drumming on a lead-topped telegraph pole or on corrugated iron. In all cases, too, the movements of the head keep time with the drumming. It could be argued, of course, that if the sound were vocal it could as easily coincide with the movements of the head, and that the sounds if produced vocally might have a different quality if uttered against metal, just as the same buzzer will

produce different quality notes if working against a wooden or a metal sounding-board.

There are two further observations I would make. First, that in using my hammer I found a marked difference in the sounds produced from a young trunk or bough, as compared with those from an old tree. This suggests that if the drumming is mechanical and not vocal the woodpeckers must choose old trees, for the sound is remarkably uniform within a given area of the woods. The second observation is that it is possible to stand at the foot of a tree when a woodpecker is drumming up above and hear the sound coming from the trunk at ear-level, the assumption being that the sound is also travelling down the trunk. This would hardly be possible if it were vocal.

The fact that the green woodpecker only rarely drums is more in keeping with its mechanical than with its vocal production. If it were vocal, we could expect the green woodpecker to use it more often.



AN EARLY ANATOMICAL DRAWING OF THE GREEN WOODPECKER, FROM MACQVILLRAY'S "BRITISH BIRDS" (1840), SHOWING AMONG OTHER THINGS THE UNUSUAL SIZE OF THE HYOID BONE SUPPORTING THE MUSCLES OF THE TONGUE. THE V-SHAPED HYOID EXTENDS BACKWARDS AND UPWARDS TO CURVE OVER THE SKULL. ITS SIZE IS PROBABLY RELATED TO THE RAPID ACTION OF THE EXTENSILE TONGUE IN FEEDING.

lesser spotted (or barred). In the spring the courtship display of the last two includes drumming. That is, the bird perches on a trunk or branch of a tree, at a slight angle from it, in the usual fashion of woodpeckers, and with the beak directed towards the trunk or branch vibrates the head rapidly. At the same time a sound is heard that has been variously described as being like two branches of a tree rubbing one against the other, a wooden police rattle heard in the distance, or a stick being drawn rapidly across wooden palings. In fact, none is completely descriptive but all are suggestive of the sound and will serve to identify it. The third of our woodpeckers, the green, makes this sound but exceptionally.

For a long time past there has been the controversy whether the sound is produced by the beak actually hammering on the tree or whether it is vocal, the vibration of the head being incidental. The process is difficult to observe and although the circumstantial evidence points to an actual hammering, and this



MIDDLE & LESSER SPOTTED WOODPECKERS.

ONE OF THE EARLIEST DRAWINGS OF THE GREAT AND LESSER SPOTTED WOODPECKERS, FROM PENNANT'S "BRITISH ZOOLOGY" (1771). THE TWO BIRDS ARE PATTERNED IN BLACK AND WHITE, WITH A RED CREST WHICH IS NOT ALWAYS VISIBLE. THE DISTRIBUTION OF THE WHITE HAS LED TO THE GREAT SPOTTED BEING CALLED THE PIED AND THE LESSER SPOTTED THE BARRED. THE RELATIVE SIZES OF THE THREE WOODPECKERS ARE: THE GREEN, APPROXIMATELY 11 INS. OVERALL; THE GREAT SPOTTED, 9 INS.; AND THE LESSER SPOTTED, 7 INS., WITH, OF COURSE, CORRESPONDING DIFFERENCES IN BULK.

Other indirect evidence is by analogy. In many birds, courtship display includes symbolic nest-building. Crows, rooks and ravens, for example, present sticks to their mates, not necessarily to be used in nest-building, but as a symbol of it. If nest-building in woodpeckers were symbolised, it would surely take the form of rapid pecking at a tree-trunk.

The question might reasonably be asked whether anyone has found marks or indentations on trees where woodpeckers have been drumming. In fact, I have looked for this myself; but old trees where woodpeckers abound are so pitted with holes of all sizes, where the birds have been feeding, that short of marking the precise spot by catching and holding a bird in position at the moment it was drumming there is no means of telling. And that is next to impossible.

NOTABLE NAVAL, MILITARY, R.A.F. AND U.S.A.F. NEWS PHOTOGRAPHS.



NEW UNIFORM STYLES FOR THE ROYAL NAVY: THE RATING ON THE RIGHT IS DEMONSTRATING A JUMPER PUT ON LIKE A COAT, WITH A ZIP FASTENING, TO A SEAMAN WEARING THE TRADITIONAL STYLE. The Financial Secretary of the Admiralty announced recently that a new uniform is under consideration for the Royal Navy. It is desired to preserve the traditional style but to make it easier to put on and take off. Our photograph shows a rating demonstrating a jumper designed to be put on like a jacket and "zipped up" in place of the traditional jumper, which is pulled over the head.



RECENTLY TESTED: THE ARMY'S NEW SPECIAL SATEEN COMBAT SUIT. New style Army clothing was recently tested by the Ministry of Supply at Chatham. A man is here shown in the full sateen combat suit, of material never before made in this country, with the parka jacket, the last word in wind and water repellent.

DEFENCE AND UNIFORM, A SURVEY SHIP, AND SAVING THE VICTORY.



INDICATING THE PROTECTION IT AFFORDS: A CROSS-SECTION OF A DANISH "GLASTIC" HELMET FOR INFANTRYMEN AFTER IT HAD BEEN STRUCK BY TWO BULLETS.

A bullet-proof infantry helmet evolved by Danish technicians is lighter than the American type now in use by Danish troops. It is made of "glastic," a mixture of glass fibre and plastic; and when hit by two 9-mm. (0.35-in.) bullets, the missiles penetrated the first layer, but were stopped and flattened by the second, as shown in the photograph. A 9-mm. bullet is seen in the foreground.



THE U.S.A.F. PILOTLESS BOMBER: THE B-61 MARTIN MATADOR FOR N.A.T.O. The first U.S.A.F. Squadron to be equipped with B-61 Martin Matador pilotless bombers left Florida recently for Germany to join the N.A.T.O. defence forces. Our photograph shows this new U.S.A.F. tactical weapon in launching position. A stubby-winged missile, it is capable of carrying the atomic bomb.



THE ROYAL NAVY'S NEW SURVEY SHIP: THE FIRST OF HER TYPE TO BE FITTED WITH A HELICOPTER DECK AND HANGAR; H.M.S. VIDAL (2000 TONS). H.M.S. Vidal, the first survey ship to be fitted with a helicopter deck and hangar, has been undergoing trials; and Mr. Thomas, First Lord of the Admiralty, arranged to inspect her during her visit to the Thames. With a displacement of 2000 tons, she is 315 ft. long, and carries a complement of twelve officers and 145 ratings. Her helicopter is to be used for air survey photographs and transporting parties to shore observation.



THE BRITISH GARRISON RETURNS TO BERMUDA: H.E. THE GOVERNOR SALUTING THE COLOURS. In accordance with the Prime Minister's promise of last year, the Bermuda garrison, withdrawn in 1952, has been re-established. A unit of The Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry arrived recently, and was greeted with civic ceremony. Our photograph shows H.E. the Governor saluting the Colours.



EQUIPPED WITH AMERICAN-BUILT SIKORSKY S-55'S, KNOWN AS WHIRLWINDS: THE ROYAL NAVY'S FIRST ANTI-SUBMARINE HELICOPTER SQUADRON IN FLIGHT. The Navy's first anti-submarine Helicopter Squadron came into operational service on March 15. It was formed some six months ago, and has been based at Gosport and in Northern Ireland for training. It will shortly move to the Mediterranean, where it will be based at Malta. The Squadron, No. 845, is equipped with Whirlwinds. As anti-submarine aircraft, these helicopters will be fitted with a "dipping asdic."



RIDDING NELSON'S TRAFALGAR FLAGSHIP OF DEATH-WATCH BEETLE: DOCKYARD WORKERS SEALING ALL APERTURES PRIOR TO FUMIGATING H.M.S. VICTORY. The ravages of a species of death-watch beetle in the ancient timbers of Nelson's flagship at Trafalgar, H.M.S. Victory, have made it necessary to close her to visitors, and to evacuate all naval personnel. A proposal to use radiology was considered, but found impracticable; and fumigation operations were authorised and are being carried out after the ship has been sealed.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

AVON AND SPREE.

By J. C. TREWIN.

STRATFORD-UPON-AVON seemed to be calm and cold on the opening night of the Festival. What there were of the winds of March were edged; for once I had no temptation to venture down the Avon in a punt as a prelude to the play. The seated Shakespeare of the Gower monument must have shivered a little on its pedestal, and even the swans looked cold.

Even so, it was a joy to be in Stratford again. It is pleasant at any time, but especially in spring and autumn. Once more, after the first Festival performance, we walked at midnight along the three streets that form the spine of Stratford, from Old Town to the top of Bridge Street, meeting not a soul on the way. The air was taut with frost; no moon glimmered on the silver-grey tower of the Guild Chapel. Down by the river a swan or two slept near the bank, close to Clopton Bridge. A few lights flickered across a black-ruffled Avon. Somewhere, not far away, a man laughed suddenly, and was silent: the noise appeared for a moment to shatter the sleeping town.

This, I suspect, is marking time. I had gone to Stratford to see and to hear "Othello," but I am reluctant to come to the point. We hope now to find in the Memorial Theatre some of the best Shakespearean performances in Britain. Alas, the present production is flat and unprofitable. Superficially, it seemed at the première to be vigorous, and yet there was little life in it. The sun shone at Cyprus, yet all was cold. We expected to be washed in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire; instead, we knew that this was an evening in March. The fact is inescapable. We must hear "Othello." At Stratford much of the noble music is dimmed. Anthony Quayle, who has been a fine and subtle Iago—and, I hope, will be again—looks like Othello, but he does not persuade me that he feels the part; it is a Northern performance. Though he speaks audibly—not all of his colleagues do—he hardly gives any impression (until the last few minutes) that he is



"CHRISTOPHER ISHERWOOD'S STORIES ABOUT THE LITTLE HEDONIST HE MET IN THE PRE-NAZI BERLIN OF 1930, THAT ROMANCING, AMORAL ENGLISH GIRL WITH THE PASSION FOR EXCITEMENT AND THE ODDLY UNDEVELOPED MIND, HAVE BEEN PUT EXPERTLY UPON THE STAGE BY JOHN VAN DRUTEN": "I AM A CAMERA" (NEW THEATRE), SHOWING THE SCENE IN WHICH FRITZ WENDEL (ROBERT CARTLAND) CONFESSES TO CHRISTOPHER ISHERWOOD (MICHAEL GWYNN—CENTRE) AND SALLY BOWLES (DOROTHY TUTIN) THAT HE IS A JEW.

première the Iago (Raymond Westwell) barked and grated. Tony Britton's Cassio had pleasing fire, and William Devlin—who ought to have Stratford parts to match his quality—showed, in his few minutes as Brabantio, what a sure actor he is, and how he can relish the language.

Undoubtedly the season will develop. We shall be able to forget this unfortunate beginning, and to feel in the Memorial the warmth and—yet again the word—the excitement that we expect there. A distinguished colleague has said that, on the first night, we seemed to be back to the "bad old days" at Stratford. True, the Stratford standard has been remarkable since 1946; but it is, I think, unwise to sweep away the entire past in a sentence. Some of the performances, even in the Greenhill Street cinema that filled the gap between the first theatre and the second, still hold the grateful mind. I doubt whether the present "Othello" will linger. One recognises the danger of over-praising the past; but Stratford's past is sometimes undervalued.

I was reminded of recent years at the Memorial by the presence of Michael Gwynn in the cast of "I Was a Camera" at the New Theatre. At Stratford, between 1948 and 1951, one could rarely say to Mr. Gwynn, "Be your age." He had only to walk upon the stage to put on years; and Shakespeareans think of him now as the tetchy, vacillating Duke of York rather than as the tall, gentle young man who appears in John van Druten's play, and who—though it would never enter his mind—almost steals it from the fantastically difficult leading part.

Mr. Gwynn is acting Christopher Isherwood, who wrote the Sally Bowles stories (set in the pre-Nazi Berlin of 1930) upon which "I Am a Camera" is based. This sounds complicated. We are to suppose

that the strange little figure of Sally, like an amoral Fifth Former, ready to sacrifice all for excitement, and quite without conscience, is standing—as it were—before the lens of the camera that the author holds. All he has to do is to keep the shutter open and to remain passive while Sally Bowles records herself. Throughout the play I was thinking instinctively of the lines from a Victorian poet:

Athwart the room a sparrow
Darts from the open door;
Within the happy hearth-light
One red flash, and no more.
We see it born from darkness,
And into darkness go. . . .

The girl arrives suddenly, and as suddenly vanishes. We are left to remember her frayed-romantic little mind, her startling chirp, her foolishly reckless hedonism, her schoolgirl pleasure in Doing Something Awful (as when she gets her mother back to England on false pretences). Dorothy Tutin, with her so-sophisticated jauntiness (and that long cigarette-holder), makes a very intelligent thrust at the part. She does it without obvious strain, even though we know all the while that this is a clever actress coping with a tricky part. The audience has a split mind, and that should not really be so. Michael Gwynn, with his sensibility and wry charm, is exactly right as Isherwood; and among the characters in the flashes from Sally's life during the few months we know her in Berlin, I think especially of Renée Goddard, whose stiff and gallant Jewish girl came over with a ring of truth. It is a compelling night in the theatre—not so much a play as a sharp and beautifully detailed portrait, a piece of case-history. We are glad to find again in London the work of so able a dramatist as van Druten.

I am sure that, in the next editions of the intimate revues, we shall find somewhere an "I Am a Camera" scene. (Lyric-writers are probably at work already.) These cheerful affairs depend on their topicality, which is why their programmes mean less than the dust when brought from storage a few months after the opening. In fact, I am not altogether sure, after a few nights, what some of the labels in the programme of "First Edition" (New Watergate) may mean. "Touch of Genius," "If You Have Tears," "In the Cradle



"UNDER RONNIE HILL'S DIRECTION, THIS SMALL REVUE—LIKE A GOOD-TEMPERED PORCUPINE—AIMS ITS QUILLS AT VARIOUS TOPICAL SUBJECTS, AND QUITE OFTEN SHOOTS ACCURATELY": "FIRST EDITION" (NEW WATERGATE), SHOWING (L. TO R.) BERYL REID, PETRA DAVIES AND VALERIE CARTON IN "LIME GROVE LADIES," ONE OF THE SKETCHES FROM THE REVUE.

excited about the language, the surging of the verse. In Desdemona's bedchamber the Moor lives. At "Soft you! A word or two before you go," we wish that the evening could begin again, and in that mood, but it is too late then: five minutes more and we are out upon the Bancroft.

Othello's difficulty is general. So few in the cast are excited about the play. Barbara Jefford, whose Isabella is firm in Stratford memory, and who looks now like a figure from some Renaissance painting, does not summon Desdemona until the "Willow" scene. We know that she can act the part; she is subduing herself too much. At the



"MONICA, CLEARLY ST. TRINIAN'S-BRED, HAS AN ATTACK LIKE A STING-RAY": BERYL REID AS MONICA IN "FOREVER MONICA," ONE OF THE SKETCHES IN "FIRST EDITION" AT THE NEW WATERGATE THEATRE.

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"FIRST EDITION" (New Watergate).—Under Ronnie Hill's direction, this small revue—like a good-tempered porcupine—aims its quills at various topical subjects, and quite often shoots accurately. Beryl Reid, as her terrible schoolgirl, Monica, and Nicholas Parsons, turning a benevolent and satirical eye upon us when he discusses our laughter, are two of the night's chief pleasures. (March 11.)

"I AM A CAMERA" (New).—Christopher Isherwood's stories about the little hedonist he met in the pre-Nazi Berlin of 1930, that romancing, amoral English girl with the passion for excitement and the oddly undeveloped mind, have been put expertly upon the stage by John van Druten. It is a one-portrait play; Dorothy Tutin acts gallantly, against her temperament. Michael Gwynn, in the West End at last for what should be a run, is a charmingly gentle Isherwood (the author himself as participant and recorder), and Renée Goddard, Hugh McDermott, and Everley Gregg (as Sally's deplorably snobbish mother) are all genuine and helpful. (March 12.)

"OTHELLO" (Stratford-upon-Avon).—It was not a particularly good choice for the Festival opening. Stratford has an adventurous young company this season; we can expect it to do better. There were one or two capable performances; but much of the "Othello" music was lost, its high splendour absent. Anthony Quayle, who has produced capably, should play Iago—in which we know his talent—rather than Othello. Indeed, re-casting this production from the material available can be as absorbing as choosing the English Test team. (March 16.)

of the Deep"—no, I don't remember them. But certain scenes remain. (This is a sharp little revue.) Beryl Reid's shocking Monica, clearly St. Trinian's-bred, has an attack like a sting-ray; Valerie Carton and Robert Bishop put over firmly a fierce number, "The Valet and the Governess"; and Nicholas Parsons opens the proceedings with a shattering analysis of the various kinds of laughter the company expects to hear in the theatre.

In future I shall watch my mirth as nervously as a hypochondriac watches his clinical thermometer. And, indeed, when I heard that sudden laughter by the Avon in silent midnight Stratford, my first thought was swift. What would Mr. Parsons have to say about that?

"FATHER BROWN" FILMED: ALEC GUINNESS AS G. K. CHESTERTON'S HERO.



SUSPECTED OF STEALING WHEN HE HAD BEEN RETURNING STOLEN MONEY: FATHER BROWN (ALEC GUINNESS) AT THE POLICE STATION, BEING QUESTIONED BY THE STATION SERGEANT (JOHN SALEW).



PACKING ST. AUGUSTINE'S CROSS, WHICH HE HAS BEEN DEPUTED TO CARRY TO ROME: ALEC GUINNESS AS FATHER BROWN.



EN ROUTE FOR THE EUCHARISTIC CONFERENCE: FATHER BROWN (ALEC GUINNESS) WITH FLAMBEAU DISGUISED AS "FATHER WILLSON" (PETER FINCH), IN PARIS.



AS THE ASTUTE BUT INNOCENT-LOOKING FATHER BROWN: MR. ALEC GUINNESS.



OUTWITTED: FATHER BROWN (ALEC GUINNESS), BOUND AND HELPLESS, WATCHES THE SO-CALLED "FATHER WILLSON" (PETER FINCH) GLOATING OVER ST. AUGUSTINE'S CROSS.



FATHER BROWN OUTWITS FLAMBEAU: ALEC GUINNESS, AS THE PRIEST DISGUISED AS A WOMAN, ENTERING THE CASTLE OF THE THIEF FLAMBEAU IN SEARCH OF THE STOLEN CROSS.



PRIEST VERSUS ROBBER: FATHER BROWN (ALEC GUINNESS) AND FLAMBEAU (PETER FINCH), WHO, DISGUISED AS "FATHER WILLSON," STOLE ST. AUGUSTINE'S CROSS.

"Father Brown," hero of G. K. Chesterton's brilliant short stories, is featured in a Facet Production filmed in England and France; and is to be released by Columbia Pictures. The priest-detective, who recovers stolen property and wins thieves from "wide" ways, appears at a police station, being questioned after having been found beside an empty safe—into which he was about to replace stolen money. His identity is established; and later the Bishop instructs him to take St. Augustine's Cross to the Eucharistic Conference in Rome, as it is feared Flambeau, a notorious thief, may try to steal it. On the boat Father Brown meets "Father Willson,"

with whom he visits the Paris catacombs. He tells "Willson" that he knows him to be Flambeau. There is a struggle, and Father Brown is tied up and the thief escapes with the Cross. The chase is then on, and after surprising adventures in which Father Brown's rich friend, Lady Warren, participates, he tracks Flambeau to his castle, obtains entry and confronts the thief. Flambeau offers to return the Cross, but Father Brown demands restitution of all loot; and leaves sadly after a refusal. But next Sunday, in England, Flambeau turns up in church and sits next to Lady Warren. Father Brown has won after all.

TAWNY OWLS IN A MAGPIE'S ABANDONED NEST: PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN FROM A PRECARIOUS HIDE.



A PLACE OF CONCEALMENT FOR MAN AND CAMERA: THE COMPLETED HIDE (LEFT) PERCHED SOMEWHAT PRECARIOUSLY HIGH AMONG THE POPLARS AND (ABOVE) THE BRIDGE FROM THE FAIRLY SOLID POPLAR, WHICH COULD BE CLIMBED, TO THE ONE IN WHICH THE HIDE WAS CONSTRUCTED.



SETTLING FORWARD TO GIVE WARMTH AND PROTECTION TO THE CHICKS: THE COCK TAWNY OWL AFTER DELIVERING FOOD TO THE YOUNG, AT THIS TIME ALMOST FOURTEEN DAYS OLD.



CROUCHING UP TO EACH OTHER FOR WARMTH AND GAZING IN THE DIRECTION OF THE PHOTOGRAPHERS' HIDE: THE OWLETS, AT THREE WEEKS OLD, WAITING FOR FOOD.



WISDOM PERSONIFIED: THE HEN OWL BLINKING KNOWINGLY TOWARDS THE PHOTOGRAPHER AS ONE OF HER CHICKS MAKES SHORT WORK OF A FIELD VOLE.

Although the tawny owl prefers to make her nest in a hole in a tree, she is sometimes compelled to seek an alternative site, such as an old rabbit-hole, a rock cranny or a disused magpie's nest. For some years Mr. Harold A. Hems and Mr. A. Faulkner Taylor searched for the latter, thinking it would be an ideal site for photography. Eventually they found just what they were looking for



SHIELDING THE CHICKS DURING A SHOWER: THE HEN BIRD AT THE NEST; HER TAIL FEATHERS BADLY WORN DURING THE WEEKS SPENT BROODING THE EGGS.

when they came across an owl brooding her week-old chicks in an abandoned magpie's nest 35 ft. high in a black poplar. But it was at this point that their difficulties really began, as the branches at the bottom of the tree were dead and rotten. The nearest tree was an almost identical poplar 6 ft. away, and other than erecting a pylon from ground-level the only hope of introducing

[Continued opposite.]

Photographs by Harold A. Hems, F.R.P.S., and A. Faulkner Taylor, F.I.B.P., F.R.P.S.



(ABOVE.) FLAPPING HER WINGS: THE ADULT BIRD IS ALMOST THROWN OFF HER BALANCE BY THE EXCITED CHICKS AS SHE BRINGS FOOD TO THE NEST.

Continued.

a hide was to utilise a tree standing a further 10 ft. away. This was a larger and more solid poplar, which could be quite easily climbed—an important factor to be considered when descending at midnight or thereabouts. As can be seen in one of the photographs, two spars were fixed horizontally to make a ladder from the big tree across to the poplar standing 6 ft. from the nest. A box served as a seat; and a wooden framework was built around it over which canvas was tacked. After this, which took four or five days, Mr. Hems and Mr. Faulkner Taylor were ready to start photography, and some of their results can be seen on these pages. The two photographers, who shared the long vigils between them, aimed at setting up the camera and electronic high-speed flash apparatus by an hour before dusk. When leaving the hide an old Service respirator face-piece was worn as a precaution, but the birds never attacked, though on occasion they were very noisy when the men climbed down in the darkness. The photographs showed that the food brought to the chicks consisted of short-tailed field voles, long-tailed field mice and shrews.



EYES AND MORE EYES: THE FOUR-AND-A-HALF-WEEK-OLD OWLETS TURNING THEIR STRANGE PEARLY EYES TOWARDS THE PHOTOGRAPHERS' HIDE FOR THEIR LAST PORTRAIT. A FEW HOURS LATER—BEFORE DAWN—THEY LEFT THE NEST.

BIRD-WATCHING WITH A CAMERA: TAWNY OWLETS FEEDING; AND JUST BEFORE LEAVING THE NEST.

Photographs by Harold A. Hems, F.R.P.S., and A. Faulkner Taylor, F.I.B.P., F.R.P.S.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

WHAT one may call the love-story-cum-travelogue, or the vicarious holiday as fiction, is a familiar line; some readers evidently lap it up. Of course, one can see why; but one can see, too, why it should be popular in every sense. Mostly, the addict has a predilection for "abroad," but can't quite face a travel-book. Therefore he will prefer his novels of the easiest. And indeed what else could they be? How is it possible to combine real imaginative work with a conducted tour?

The answer is, as usual, that it can be done, granted a writer of sufficient quality who wants to do it. "A Bed of Roses," by William Sansom (Hogarth Press; 12s. 6d.), offers us virtually the same again; the genre is not disguised, and there is nothing out of character but the distinction.

Of course, a limited distinction. To give the tour full scope, the plot in all such novels has to be very thin. Here it is eminently thin; but, on the other hand, neatly devised, and somehow curiously apt. It starts in London, where the unfortunate Louise has had enough of Guy for the last time. There have been many times, but this is different; this is the final outrage. As, having seen it, we can well believe. To Guy, however, it is a passing squall—tiresome, when they were just off with the Prescotts on a trip to Spain. And now Louise means to back out. But Guy says he will be the one; they are her friends, he says obligingly.

And for her sake they are enchanted at his non-appearance. But it doesn't last; when they have left the shore, Guy is the first person they see. He spends the voyage alternating seducing a young girl and badgering Louise to drop it. She has acquired a new and admirable suitor, she returns his love—but Guy refuses to fade out. And it is no use cutting him. He has a perfectly thick skin; he is totalitarian in his own interest; and worst of all, he has no fear—none of that wholesome nervousness of fellow-creatures that makes the world go round. The only way of dealing with him is to "be total back." To this they just can't bring themselves; and as his rival says, "It's like keeping company with a running sore."

The travelogue has two set pieces: Gibraltar, with its unreal, kaleidoscopic charm, where the new lovers get engaged; and the grand climax of the sight-seeing, the Sevillian *Feria*. Here, just as fittingly, the tension works up to explosion-point. For though one can't say that the bull-fight, or the dancing, or the cavalcade has any strict connection with the story, they are somehow matched: as Guy's atrocious, yet in a way heroic personality matches the scene at large. Not that appreciation of the "keeping" is a *sine qua non*. The tour, so brilliant, thoughtful and evocative at every turn, would be absorbing without aid.

OTHER FICTION.

Those who find Guy too much for their comfort may relax happily with "To the Wood No More," by Ernest Raymond (Cassell; 12s. 6d.). This hero would not intimidate a mouse. He is a vain and lovable old humbug, who took orders in haste (because it was a "gentleman's profession"), married a puritanical Plain Jane for the reversion of a living, and has repented secretly but long. Meanwhile, his brother Vick had the vulgarity to make a fortune. And now, Vick has committed suicide. The Rector finds himself "Sir Albany," and a rich man; he is still handsome, only fifty-five—and, after twenty-seven years in exile, can begin the world.

Not that he says so to his family. When they leave Mosgrove, he is "withdrawing from active spiritual work, so as to think things out"; and when he chooses St. John's Wood, that gay Edwardian bower, it is for intellectual company—and, of course, principally for his daughter's sake. Not to go drinking in the pubs, and be a man with men; still less for the society of pretty ladies, active or pensioned off. Yet they are very interesting; and Prudence Maddow, relict, in one sense, of a noble lord, would be a great change from his wife.

Albany can't help yearning to redeem the time. Yet he is no Tartuffe; he is ashamed of his own foibles, and truly anxious to be better. And thanks to some discomfitures in the full life, and to a real affection for his daughter, he achieves the goal. It is a nice, long, lovable, amusing story, with a match at Lord's, a spiritualist seance and a lot of atmosphere thrown in.

"The Quiet River," by James Dillon White (Heinemann; 10s. 6d.), is a brief anecdote of the Korean war. Ling Tai and her young daughter Jasmine have fled the horrors of the North, and reached a small, abandoned farm just inside "Yankee territory." It is at least a shelter for the night. And one day, says Ling Tai, they really will come to a little farm, where they can spend their lives. By a quiet river, with a willow-tree in their own yard. . . . At first she meant only to soothe; but then it suddenly occurs to them—this is the place! Snug, hidden from the road, probably ownerless. . . .

Next day they are awakened by a soldier singing. Ling Tai feels heartbroken with disappointment, and Jasmine panics; she has acquired a terror of all men. But it is impossible to be scared of Bombardier Huggins, the cheerful, amiable little Cockney, or of the soldiers who come after him. This is a pleasant write-up for the British, with a few battle episodes as well, and an appealing scene.

"That Yew Tree's Shade," by Cyril Hare (Faber; 10s. 6d.), inspires full confidence from the word go. I won't say it is "good enough for a real novel"—which has an irritating sound, and as a rule connotes a wholly misguided pretentiousness. This writer's quality is the reverse; he achieves "nature" and distinction, with apparent ease, in the detective story pure and simple. Here Francis Pettigrew is called from his retirement near Yew Hill, to do a short spell in the County Court. It is in court that he first sees his neighbour Mrs. Pink, that "good, worthy, useful person"—as Lady Furlong so emphatically calls her—who is so shortly afterwards found murdered in the Druids' Glade. Law plays its usual rôle; but the detective element is no more fascinating than the scenes in court, the foray to select the right place for a litter basket, or the aspiring officer's encounter with the village cop.

K. JOHN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

AMOEBC MARGINS.

TO the cynic, convinced of the ultimate lunacy of the human race, it will come as no surprise that the moon is probably responsible for the evolution of man. For the moon creates tides, and tides in their turn create that part of the shore which is alternately wet and dry. Such creatures as found themselves forced to live in this uneasy, and no doubt exasperating—I gather that it is not as difficult as you might think to exasperate a protozoon—situation, developed a structure capable of existing on dry land alone. Thus began that upward trend of evolution which has ended, our cynic would observe, in such disconcerting and incompatible results as Shakespeare and Hitler and Stalin and Dylan Thomas and you and me. Such, at any rate, if I have understood him correctly, is the fascinating theory advanced by Mr. Maurice Burton in his new book, "The Margins of the Sea"

(Frederick Muller; 15s.). "It is not my purpose, therefore," he writes, "to seek to defend my theory to the full against all comers. Rather, it is an idea which commends itself to me, which seems on reflection to be a potentially fruitful source of study, and one which, as a broad generalisation, is likely to be true." There is no resisting the charm of this diffident, reflective approach, and to go paddling with Dr. Burton, as readers of *The Illustrated London News* will be aware, is a privilege and a delight. He is very tender-hearted, and the account of his remorse at having made a sea-anemone sick by over-feeding it on dead shrimp makes the reader's heart bleed for the distressed "Coelenterate"! "Alas," as Mr. Belloc so wisely remarked, "what varying tastes in food, divide the human brotherhood." So I do not hesitate to record my distaste at the information that the inhabitants of the Gilbert Islands regard jellyfish as a delicacy. Once more I agree with the author, who puts forward the unstressed view that "there must be remarkably few culinary uses" for this flaccid creature. What emerges most clearly from this book is that even the lowest forms of life are not the mere automata that the determinists would like them to be. The barnacle can be said to "exercise a choice," and Dr. Burton studies, with great verve, the psychology of the pinhead larva. Even the large amoeba (Dr. Burton does not advance my theory that it is the original civil servant which reproduces by the mere art of shrugging itself and becoming two) has been observed to pursue its smaller brethren with a sinister and relentless determination that reminds us painfully of the habits of *homo sapiens*. Dr. Burton alludes in more than one passage to the controversy between the "mechanistic" and the "vitalistic" theories, but he himself is content to point out the dangers of over-simplification, and to plead for a larger and more patient view. Two of his reflections pleased me particularly—first, that the lady watching the Coronation Procession on television, who expressed herself as enthralled by the rhythm of marching troops, was probably influenced by the rhythm of the tides; second, that the coelacanth—that unattractive denizen of the deep—is not nearly as important as it has been cracked up to be.

"Nature I loved, and next to Nature Art"—so the rest of my column this week will be devoted to four remarkably fine works on art and architecture. The first is Volume III, of "The English History of Art," covering the period 1100-1216 A.D. (Oxford; 37s. 6d.), and is the work of Mr. T. S. R. Boase, President of Magdalen College, Oxford, who also edits the whole series. It is a rich period, with such outstanding examples as Durham Cathedral, and Tewkesbury, Peterborough and Rievaulx Abbeys, excellent carving and painting, and magnificent manuscripts. Much is, alas! lost to us. As Mr. Boase writes in his conclusion: "We have but fragmentary data for the century's achievement and we cannot therefore in any completeness identify our own aesthetic pleasures in it with those of our ancestors. But we can still wonder at the excellence of their work which, as tastes change and appreciation is reconditioned, retains validity, through all the processes of time, for an age so different in experience and in assumptions from that which produced it." Mr. Boase has done wisely and well in collecting at the end of his book the superb photographs which do rather more than illustrate it—they form in themselves the best possible commentary on the art of the period.

The Pelican History of Art series has now given us two monumental works on "Architecture in Britain, 1530-1830," by John Summerson, and "Art and Architecture in France, 1500-1700," by Anthony Blunt (Penguin Books; 42s. each). The three centuries covered by Mr. Summerson are among the richest in our history—rich with the names of Inigo Jones, Christopher Wren, Vanbrugh, the Adam brothers and John Nash. A valuable appendix deals—all too shortly—with English architecture in America, a subject which, as I have pointed out before, in itself deserves far more extensive treatment than I can remember to have found in modern books of this type. Again, Mr. Summerson has adopted the technique of massing his illustrations at the end of the book, as has Mr. Anthony Blunt in the companion volume. In both these cases the result is valuable for both the scholar and the

amateur, because it facilitates both reference and comparison.

The two centuries of art and architecture in France covered by Mr. Anthony Blunt are, in my view, almost richer than the period dealt with by Mr. Summerson. As an amateur, I found the work of the former more heavy going, perhaps because of his meticulous and scholarly reference to sources. Mr. Blunt's annotation is much more profuse than Mr. Summerson's. But I should be giving a distorted impression of these two admirable books if I were to suggest that either cannot be enjoyed or appreciated by the layman.

Lastly, I have before me Mr. A. C. Chappelow's "The Old Home in England" (published by the author at 27a, Charles Street, W.1; £4 10s.). This is quite up to the high standard of the other works which I have noticed this week, and the line drawings with which it is illustrated are particularly attractive. Mr. Chappelow quotes with great effect from Mr. John Evelyn's diaries. The craftsmanship of the drawing facing page 144—"Room at No. 16, Queen Anne's Gate, eighteenth century"—seems to me to be as exquisite as its subject.

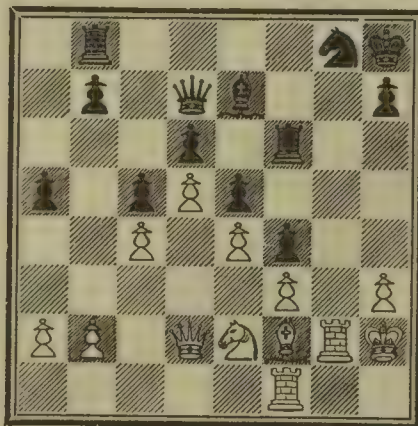
E. D. O'BRIEN.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

THAT a new World Championship match is just starting in Moscow, recalls to us the tournament in which Vassily Smyslov won the right, a few months ago, to challenge the present World Champion, Mikhael Botvinnik, for his title. What a wonderful event that World Championship Candidates' Tournament was! Strong tournaments sometimes produce very dull play, but this was the exception.

This was probably the most spectacular episode: (BLACK—KOTOV.)



(WHITE—AVERBAKH.)

Kotov won here by an amazing queen sacrifice:

30. Q×Pch!! 32. K-Kt4 Kt-B3ch
31. K×Q R-R3ch
After 32. . . R-KBr, threatening mate in four, White had 33. Kt×P, Kt-B3ch; 34. K-Kt5, Kt-Kt5 dis ch; 35. K×Kt, R-KKtrch; 36. Kt-Kt6ch, R(Ktr)×Ktch; 37. K-B5, R-R4ch; 38. R-Kt5, and White just wriggles out alive.

33. K-B5 Kt-Q2
Threatening mate in three moves, starting with 34. . . R-KBrch.

34. R-Kt5 R-KBrch 37. K-Kt4 Kt-B3ch
35. K-Kt4 Kt-B3ch 38. K-B5 Kt×QP
36. K-B5 Kt-Ktr dis ch dis ch

Black indulges in these repetitions to help him along to the fortieth move when the time-control (40 moves in 2½ hours) is reached. After that, for his next sixteen moves he is allowed one hour and, even more important, the game is adjourned.

Objectively speaking, this move, . . . Kt×QP dis ch, is a slight inaccuracy, but if he doesn't remove the pawn, White could claim a draw by repetition of position, next time Black plays . . . Kt-Ktr dis ch.

39. K-Kt4 Kt-B3ch 41. K-Kt4 Kt-B3ch
40. K-B5 Kt-Ktr dis ch 42. K-B5 Kt-Ktr dis ch

Phew! The session is over and Black can analyse the position in the quiet of his hotel room, having reserved the option of forcing a draw by continuing the checks, or of going for the win if he can find one—which he does!

43. K-Kt4 B×R 45. B-R4 R-Kt3ch
44. K×B R-B2 46. K-R5 R(B2)-Kt2

- Threat: 47. . . R-R3 mate.
47. B-Kt5 R×Bch 48. K-R4 Kt-B3

- Threat: 49. . . R-R4 mate.
49. Kt-Kt3 R×Kt 50. Q×QP

White would not have had this resource, had not Black obligingly removed his Q on move 38.

50. R(Kt6)-Kt3 51. Q-Kt8ch R-Ktr

Not that it made much difference, for White now resigns.

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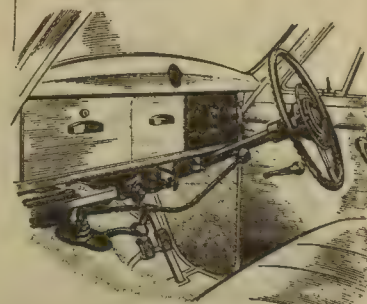
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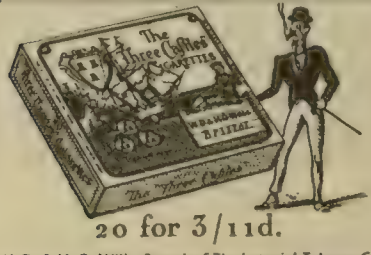
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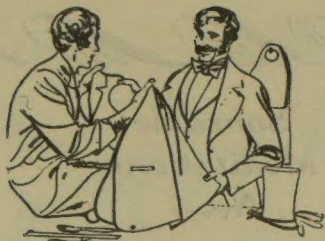
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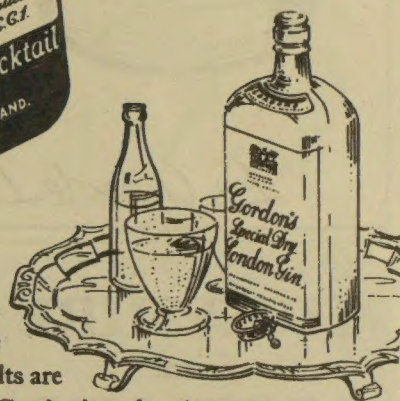
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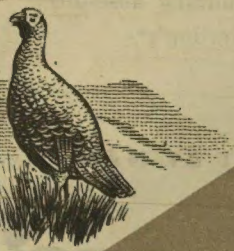


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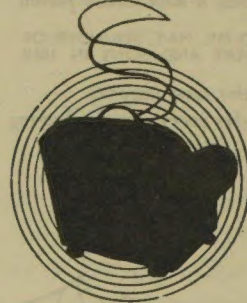
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"**A**RGENT, a double-headed Eagle displayed Gules, beaked and legged Azure". Illustrated within the contemporary illuminated border are the Arms confirmed to John Milton's father, John the Elder, by Sir William Segar,

Garret King of Arms, together with the Grant of a Crest.

Milton received his M.A. at Cambridge in 1625. He joined the attacks on the established Church from 1641 but did not join the Army, although strongly pro-Parliamentary.

From 1649 until the Restoration he was Latin Secretary of the New Council of State. During this period he lost his sight and remained totally blind until he died in 1674. Milton's great works are known to everybody — "Paradise Lost", "Paradise Regained" and "Samson Agonistes". But apart from these he wrote a prodigious number of pamphlets, short poems, sonnets, prose and masques.

The Eagle has a special significance in the rich tapestry of heraldry, characterising supreme strength and endurance. In this present era, the Goodyear Eagle marks a similar alliance. Powerful in appearance, unequalled in craftsmanship, it is the ultimate in car tyre quality; providing dependability, long life and lasting wear. The Eagle by Goodyear is outstanding value for the bigger car.





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Printed in England by The Illustrated London News and Sketch, Ltd., Milford Lane, London, W.C.2, and Published Weekly at the Office, Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2. Saturday, March 27, 1954.
Registered as a Newspaper for transmission in the United Kingdom and to Canada by Magazine Post. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903. Agents for Australasia: Gordon and Gotch, Ltd. Branches: Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide and Perth, W.A.; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland and Dunedin, N.Z.; Launceston and Hobart, Tasmania.